Amulements

SERIOUS AND COMICAL,

Calculated for the

MERIDIAN OF LONDON.

By Mr. *BROWN.*

LONDON,
Printed for *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1700.

JENKINSON COLLECTION CAMB UNIV LIB 1925

24...1034

Amuſements SERIOUS AND COMICAL

The PREFACE.

Amuſement I.

THE Title I have confer'd upon my Book, gives me Authority to make as long a Preface as I pleaſe; for a Long Preface is a true *Amuſement*.

However I have ventured to put one here, under the Apprehenſion that it will be very neceſſary toward the underſtanding of the Book; tho' the Generality of Readers are of Opinion, that a Preface, inſtead of ſetting off the Work, does but expoſe the Vanity of the Author.

A good General of an Army, is leſs embarraſs'd at the Head of his Troops, than an ill Writer in the Front of his Productions. He knows not in what Figure to dreſs his Countenance. If he puts on a Fierce and Haughty look, his Readers think themſelves obliged to lower his Topſail, and bring him under their Sterns: If he affects an Humble Sneaking Poſture, they ſlight and deſpiſe him: If he boaſts the Excellency of his Subject, they believe not a Syllable of what he ſays: If he tells them there is little or nothing in't, they take him at his Word; and to ſay nothing at all of his Work, is an unſufferable Impoſition upon an Author.

I know not what Succeſs theſe Papers will find in the World; but if any amuſe themſelves in Criticizing upon them, or in Reading them, my Deſign is anſwer'd.

I have given the following Thoughts the Name of *Amuſements*; you will find them Serious, or Comical, according to the Humour I was in when I wrote them; and they will either Divert you, Inſtruct you, or Tire you, after the Humour you are in when you read them.

T'other Day one of the Imaginary Serious Wits, who thought it a Weakneſs in any Man to laugh: Seeing a Copy of this Book; at the opening of it, fell into a Paſſion, and Wrinkling up his Noſtrils like a heated Stallion that had a Mare in the Wind, ſaid, The Book was unworthy of the Title; for Grave Subjects, ſhould be treated with Decorum, and 'twas to profane Serious Matters, to blend them with Comical Entertainments. What a Mixture is here ſays he!

This Variety of Colours, ſaid I to my Cenſurer, appears very Natural to me; for if one ſtrictly examines all Mens Actions and Diſcourſes, we ſhall find that Seriouſneſs and Merriment are near Neighbours, and always live together like Friends, if Sullen Moody Sots do not ſet them at Variance. Every Day ſhews us, that Serious Maxims, and Sober Counſels,

often proceed out of the Mouths of the Pleaſanteſt Companions, and ſuch as affect to be always Grave and Muſing, are then more Comical than they think themſelves.

My Spark puſh'd his Remonſtrance further: Are not you aſhamed, continued he, to Print *Amuſements?* Don't you know, that Man was made for Buſineſs, and not to ſit amuſing himſelf like an Owl in an Ivy-Buſh? To which I anſwer'd after this manner.

The whole Life of Man is but one entire Amuſement: Vertue only deſerves the Name of Buſineſs, and none but they that practiſe it can be truly ſaid to be employed, for all the World beſide are Idle.

One Amuſes himſelf by Ambition, another by Intereſt, and another by that Fooliſh Paſſion Love. Little Folks Amuſe themſelves in Pleaſures, Great Men in the Acquiſition of Glory, and I am Amuſed to think that all this is nothing but Amuſement.

Once more, the whole Tranſactions of our Lives, are but meer Amuſements, and Life it ſelf is but an Amuſement in a continued Expectation of Death.

Thus

Thus much for Serious Matters: Let us now make haſte to Pleaſantry.

I have a great mind to be in Print; but above all, I would fain be an Original, and that is a true Comical Thought: When all the Learned Men in the World are but Tranſlators, is it not a Pleaſant Jeſt, that you ſhould ſtrive to be an Original! You ſhould have obſerved your Time, and have come into the World with the Ancient *Greeks* for that purpoſe; for the *Latines* themſelves are but Copies.

This Diſcourſe has mightily diſcouraged me. Is it true then that there is ſuch an Embargo laid upon Invention, that no Man can produce any thing that is perfectly New, and intirely his own? Many Authors, I confeſs, have told me ſo: I will enquire further about it, and if Sir *Roger*, Mr. *Dryden*, and Mr. *Durfey* Confirm it, then I will Believe it.

What need all this Toyl and Clutter about Original Authors and Tranſlators? He who Imagines Briskly, Thinks Juſtly, and Writes Correctly, is an Original in the ſame things that

another had thought before him. The Natural Air, and Curious Turn he gives his Tranſlations, and the Application wherewith he graces them, is enough to perſwade any Senſible Man, that he was able to think and perform the ſame things, if they had not been thought and done before him, which is an advantage owing to their Birth, rather than to the Excellency of their Parts beyond their Succeſſors.

Some of our Modern Writers, that have built upon the Foundation of the Ancients, have far excell'd in diſguiſing their Notions, and improving the firſt Eſſays, that they have acquir'd more Glory, and Reputation, than ever was given to the Original Authors: Nay, have utterly effaced their Memories.

Thoſe who Rob the Modern Writers, ſtudy to hide their Thefts; thoſe who filch from the Ancients, account it their Glory. But why the laſt ſhould be more Reproach'd than the former, I cannot imagine, ſince there is more Wit in diſguiſing a Thought of Mr. *Lock*'s, than in a lucky Tranſlation of a Paſſage from *Horace*. After all, it muſt be granted, that the

Genius

Genius of ſome Men can never be brought to Write correctly in this Age, till they have form'd their Wits upon the Ancients, and their Guſts upon the Moderns; and I know no reaſon, why it ſhould be their Diſparagement, to capaciate themſelves by theſe Helps to ſerve the Publick.

Nothing will pleaſe ſome Men, but Books ſtuff'd with Antiquity, groaning under the weight of Learned Quotations drawn from the Fountains: And what is all this but Pilfering. But I will neither Rob the Ancient, nor Modern Books, but Pillage all I give you from the Book of the World.

The Book of the World is very Ancient, and yet always New. In all Times, Men, and their Paſſions, have been the Subjects. Theſe Paſſions were always the ſame, tho' they have been delivered to Poſterity in different Manners, according to the different Conſtitution of Ages; and in all Ages they are Read by every one, according to the Characters of their Wit, and the Extent of their Judgment.

Thoſe who are qualified to Read and Underſtand the Book of the World, may be beneficial to the Publick, in communicating the Fruit of their Studies; but thoſe that have no other knowledge of the World, but what they collect from Books, are not fit to give Inſtructions to others.

If the World then is a Book that ought to be read in the Original: One may as well compare it to a *Country* that one cannot know, nor make known to others, without Traveling through it himſelf. I began this Journey very Young: I always loved to make Reflections upon every thing that preſented it ſelf to my View: I was amuſed in making theſe Reflections: I have amuſed my ſelf in Writing them: And I wiſh my Reader may Amuſe himſelf in Reading them.

Some will think it another Amuſement to find a Book without a Dedication, begging the Protection of a Mighty Patron, and by ſome fulſome kind of Flattery, expoſe the Great Man, the Author intended to praiſe; but that I have avoided, by ſending the Brat naked into the World to ſhift for it ſelf.

It

It was not design'd to give any Man Offence. Innocent Mirth, compounded with Wholsome Advice, is the whole Burthen it travails with; and therefore the Author flatters himself with the hopes of pleasing all Men: Which is a Pitch if his Book arrives to, will be the greatest Amusement in the World.

Amuse-

Amuſement II.

The Voyage of the World.

THERE is no Amuſement ſo entertaining and advantageous, as improving ſome of our Leiſure Time in Traveling. If any Man for that reaſon has an Inclination to divert himſelf, and Sail with me round the Globe, to ſuperviſe almoſt all the Conditions of Humane Life, without being infected with the Vanities, and Vices that attend ſuch a Whimſical Perambulation; let him follow me, who am going to Relate it in a Stile, and Language, proper to the Variety of the Subject: For as the Caprichio came Naturally into my Pericranium, I am reſolv'd to purſue it through Thick and Thin, to enlarge my Capacity for a Man of Buſineſs.

Where

Where then ſhall we begin? In the Name of Miſchief what Country will firſt preſent it ſelf to my Imagination? *He Bien!* I have hit upon't already: Let's Steer for the *Court*, for that's the Region which will furniſh us with the fineſt Leſſons for our Knowledge of the World.

The COURT.

THE Court is a Country abounding with Amuſements. The Air they breath there, is very fine and ſubtile; only for about three parts and a half of four in the Year, 'tis liable to be Infected with Groſs Vapours full of Flattery and Lying. All the Avenues leading to it are Gay, Smiling, Agreeable to the Sight, and all end in one and the ſame Point, Honour, and Self-Intereſt.

Here Fortune keeps her Reſidence, and ſeems to expect that we make our Addreſſes to her, at the bottom of

of a long Walk, which lies open to all Comers and Goers. One would be apt to think at firſt ſight, that he might reach the End on't, before he could count Twenty; but there are ſo many By-Walks and Allies to croſs, ſo many Turnings and Windings to find out, that he is ſoon convinced of his Miſtake. 'Tis contrived into ſuch an Intricate Maze and obſcure manner, that the Straiteſt Way is not always the Neareſt. It looks Glorioufly in the Country, but when you approach it, its Beauty diminiſhes.

After all the Enquiry I have made about it, I am not able to ſatisfie your Curioſity, whether the Ground it ſtands upon be firm and ſolid. I have ſeen ſome New Comers tread as confidently upon it, as if they had been Born there; but quickly found they were in a New World, where the tottering Earth made them Giddy and Stumble: For tho' they knew Good and Evil were equally uſeful to their Advancement, yet were ſo confounded, to know which of the two they ought to employ to make their Fortunes, that for want of underſtanding only that pretty knack, they made a Journey to Court only to go

back

back again, and report at Home they had the Honour of ſeeing it. On the other ſide, I have ſeen ſome Old Stagers walk upon Court Ground, as gingerly as upon Ice, or a Quagmire: And with all the Precaution and Fear imaginable, leſt they ſhould fall from a great Fortune by the ſame Defects that rais'd them: And not without cauſe, for the Ground is Hard in ſome Places, and Sinks in others; but all People covet to get upon the higheſt Spot, to which there is no coming but by one Paſſage, and that is ſo narrow, that no Ambitious Pretender can keep the Way, without Juſtling other People down with his Elbows: And the further Miſchief on't is, that thoſe that keep their Feet, will not help up thoſe that are fallen: For 'tis the Genius of a true *Courtier* not to lend a Hand, or part with a Farthing to one that wants every thing; but will give any thing to him that wants nothing: Or rather will lay up for a Rainy Day, becauſe what he ſees befal another to Day, may be his own Turn to Morrow.

He

He a ſtout Heart ſhould have, and Steady Head,
That in a dangerous Slipery Path does tread;
And 'tis the Court that Slipery Place I call,
Where all Men Slip, and very few but fall.

The Difficulties we meet with in this Country, are very ſurprizing; for he takes the longeſt Way about, that keeps the old Track of Honeſty and True Merit; for where the Addreſs of ſome, does not help to make the Fortune of others, immediately to Eclipſe his Deſert, Calumny raiſes the thickeſt Clouds, Envy the Blackeſt Vapours, and the Candidate is loſt in the Fog of Competitors, and muſt hide himſelf behind a Favourites Recommendation, if ever he hopes to obtain what he ſeeks for: So that Vertue is no longer Vertue, nor Vice Vice, but every thing is confounded and eaten up by particular Intereſts.

A new comer, with his Pockets well lined, is always welcome to any Court in *Chriſtendom*, and every thing

is

is provided for him without his own Trouble. He neither Acts nor Speaks, and yet they admire him as a very Wise Man: First, because he is so Foolish to hear them Talk Impertinently, and next because there is no little Wisdom in his Modesty and Silence; for had he Acted or Spoke never so little, they wou'd soon have found out the Coxcomb.

He that holds a Courtier by the Hand, has a Wet Eel by the Tail. He no sooner thinks he is sure of him, but he has lost him. Tho' you presented him in the Morning, he will forget you at Night, and utterly Renounce you the Day following. A profest Courtier, tho he never aims at the Peace of God, is past any Man's Understanding. He is incomparably skill'd in Modish Postures, and Modeling his Looks to every occasion: Profound and Impenetrable, can Dissemble when he does Ill Offices, Smile an Enemy to Death, Frown a Friend into Banishment, put a Constraint upon his Natural Temper, act against his own Inclination, Disguise his Passions, Rail against his own Principles, Contradict his own Opinion, and by a Brillant Humour, convert a Friendly

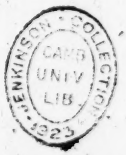
Open-

Openneſs and Sincerity, into a Sly Chicanry and Falſhood.

Is it not a great Amuſement, that a Man which can ſubſiſt upon his own, ſhould throw himſelf into the two great Plagues of Mankind, Expectation and Dependance, and ſpend his Life in an Anti-chamber, a Court-Yard, or a Stair-Caſe, where he finds no Advantage or Content; but is alſo hindred from finding it elſewhere.

Is it not ſtrange, I ſay, to ſee a great Man that lives and is reſpected in his own Country like a Prince, Haunt the Court to make himſelf little by Compariſon, and bow to thoſe little Animals at the Palace, whoſe Creeping, Cringing, and long Services, are all the Merits they can pretend to. Let the Courtiers value themſelves upon their refined Pleaſures, their Power and Intereſt: Their being able to do Good by Chance, and Evil by Inclination; yet he that is under no Neceſſity of living precariouſly, or mending his preſent Circumſtances, 'tis an Amuſement to ſee him Dance Attendance for a ſingle Office at Court, that has ſo many at his own Diſpoſal in the Country.

And now let's take our Leave of all the Courts in *Europe*, and hoiſt Sail for *London*, the Chiefeſt City in all *Chriſtendom*, where we ſhall find Matter enough to Amuſe our ſelves, tho' we ſhould live as long as *Mathuſela*.



Amuſement III.

LONDON.

LONDON is a World by it ſelf. We daily diſcover in it more New Countries, and ſurprizing Singularities, than in all the Univerſe beſides. There are among the *Londoners* ſo many Nations differing in Manners, Cuſtoms, and Religions, that the Inhabitants themſelves don't know a quarter of them. Imagine then what an *Indian* wou'd think of ſuch a Motly Herd of People, and what a Diverting Amuſement it would be to him, to examine with a Traveller's Eye, all the Remarkable Things of this Mighty City. A Whimſy now takes me in the Head, to carry this Stranger all over the Town with me: No doubt but his Odd and Fantaſtical Ideas, will furniſh me with Variety,

Variety, and perhaps with Diverſion.

Thus I am reſolv'd to take upon me the Genius of an *Indian*, who has had the Curioſity to Travel hither among us, and who had never ſeen any thing like what he ſees in *London*. We ſhall ſee how he will be amazed at certain things, which the Prejudice of Cuſtome makes to ſeem Reaſonable and Natural to us.

To diverſifie the Stile of my Narration, I will ſometimes make my Traveller ſpeak, and ſometimes I will take up the Diſcourſe my ſelf. I will repreſent to my ſelf the abſtracted Ideas of an *Indian*, and I will likewiſe repreſent ours to him. In ſhort, taking it for granted, that we two underſtand one another by half a Word, I will ſet both his and my Imagination on the Ramble. Thoſe that won't take the Pains to follow us, may ſtay where they are, and ſpare themſelves the trouble of reading further in the Book; but they that are minded to Amuſe themſelves, ought to attend the Caprice of the Author for a few Moments.

I will therefore ſuppoſe this *Indian* of mine, dropt perpendicularly from the Clouds, and finds himſelf all on the ſudden in the midſt of this Prodigious and Noiſy City, where Repoſe and Silence dare ſcarce ſhew their Heads in the Darkeſt Night. At firſt Daſh the confuſed Clamours near *Temple-Bar*, Stun him, Fright him, and make him Giddy.

He ſees an infinite Number of differenr *Machines*, all in violent Motion. Some Riding on the Top, ſome Within, others Behind, and *Jehu* in the Coach-Box before, whirling ſome Dignify'd Villain towards the Devil, who has got an Eſtate by Cheating the Publick. He Lolls at full Stretch within, and half a Dozen Brawny Bulk-begotten Footmen behind. Some Carry, others are Carry'd: *Make Way there*, ſays a Gouty-Leg'd Chairman, that is carrying a Punk of Quality to a Mornings Exerciſe: Or a *Bartholomew*-Baby Beau, newly Launch'd out of a Chocolate-Houſe, with his Pockets as empty as his Brains. *Make Room there*, ſays another Fellow driving a Wheel-Barrow of Nuts, that ſpoil the Lungs of the City Prentices, and make them Wheeze over

over their Miſtreſſes, as bad as the Phlegmatick Cuckolds their Maſters do, when call'd to Family Duty. One Draws, another Drives. *Stand up there, you Blind Dog*, ſays a Carman, *Will you have the Cart ſqueeze your Guts out?* One Tinker Knocks, another Bawls, *Have you Braſs Pot, Iron Pot, Kettle, Skillet, or a Frying-Pan to mend:* Whilſt another Son of a Whore yells louder than *Homer*'s Stentor, *Two a Groat, and Four for Six Pence Mackarel.* One draws his Mouth up to his Ears, and Howls out, *Buy my Flawnders*, and is followed by an Old Burly Drab, that Screams out the Sale of her *Maids* and her *Sole* at the ſame Inſtant.

Here a Sooty *Chimney-Sweeper* takes the Wall of a Grave *Alderman*; and a *Broom-Man* Juſtles the *Parſon* of the Pariſh. There a Fat Greaſie *Porter*, runs a Trunk full Butt upon you, while another Salutes your Antlers with a Flasket of *Eggs* and *Butter*. *Turn out there you Country Put*, ſays a *Bully* with a Sword two Yards long jarring at his Heels, and throws him into the Channel. By and by comes a *Chriſtning*, with the *Reader* and the *Midwife* ſtrutting in the Front, and Young Original Sin as fine as Fip-

pence, followed with the Vocal Muſick of *Kitchen-Stuff ha' you Maids*; and a Damn'd *Trumpeter* calling in the Rabble to ſee a *Calf* with Six Legs and a Top-knot. There goes a *Funeral*, with the Men of Roſemary after it, licking their Lips after their three Hits of White, Sack, and Claret at the Houſe of Mourning, and the *Sexton* walking before, as Big and Bluff as a *Beef-Eater* at a Coronation. Here's a *Poet* ſcampers for't as faſt as his Legs will carry him, and at his Heels a Brace of *Bandog Bayliffs*, with open Mouths ready to Devour him, and all the Nine Muſes. Well, ſay I to the *Indian*; And how do you like this Crowd, Noiſe, and Perpetual Hurry?

I admire and tremble, ſays the poor Wretch to me. I admire that in ſo narrow a Place, ſo many Machines, and ſo many Animals, whoſe Motions are ſo directly Oppoſite or Different, can move ſo dexterouſly, and not fall foul upon one another. To avoid all this danger, ſhews the Ingenuity of you *Europeans*; but their Raſhneſs makes me tremble, when I ſee Brute heavy Beaſts hurry through ſo many Streets, and run upon ſlippery uneven

ven Stones, where the leaſt falſe Step brings them within an Ace of Death.

While I behold this Town of *London*, continues our Contemplative Traveller, I fancy I behold a Prodigious Animal. The Streets are as ſo many *Veins*, wherein the People Circulate. With what Hurry and Swiftneſs is the Circulation of *London* perform'd? You behold, ſay I to him, the Circulation that is made in the Heart of *London*, but it moves more briskly in the Blood of the *Citizens*, they are always in Motion and Activity. Their Actions ſucceed one another with ſo much Rapidity, that they begin a Thouſand Things before they have finiſh'd one, and finiſh a thouſand others before they have begun them.

They are equally uncapable both of Attention and Patience, and tho' nothing is more quick, than the Effects of Hearing and Seeing; yet they don't allow themſelves time either to Hear or See; but like Moles, work in the Dark, and Undermine one another.

All their Study and Labour is either about Profit, or Pleaſure; and they have Schools for the Education of their Stalking-Horſes, which they call *Apprentices* in the Myſtery of *Trade*. A Term unintelligible to Foreigners, and that none truly underſtand the Meaning of, but thoſe that practice it.

Some call it *Over-witting thoſe they deal with*, but that's generally denied as a Heterodox Definition; for *Wit* was never counted a *London* Commodity, unleſs among their Wives, and other City Sinners; and if you ſearch all the Warehouſes and Shops, from *White-Chappel* Bars, to St. *Clement*'s, if it were to ſave a Man's Life, or a Womans Honeſty, you cannot find one Farthing worth of *Wit* among them.

Some derive this Heatheniſh Word *Trade* from an *Hebrew* Original, and call it *Over-Reaching*, but the *Jews* deny it, and ſay the Name and Thing is wholly *Chriſtian*; and for this Interpretation quote the Authority of a *London Alderman*, who ſold a *Jew* five

Fats

Fats of Right-handed Gloves, without any Fellows to them, and afterwards made him purchaſe the Left-handed ones to Match them, at double the Value.

Some call *Trade*, *Honeſt Gain*, and to make it more Palatable, have lacker'd it with the Name of *Godlineſs*; and hence it comes to paſs, that the Generality of *Londoners* are accounted ſuch Eminent Profeſſors; but of all Gueſſers, he comes neareſt the Mark, that ſaid Trade was playing a Game at *Loſing Loadum*, or dropping *Fools* Pence into *Knaves* Pockets, till the *Sellers* were Rich, and the *Buyers* were Bankrupts.

About the Middle of *London*, is to be ſeen a Magnificent Building, for the Accommodation of the *Lady Trade*, and her Heirs and Succeſſors for ever, ſo full of Amuſements about Twelve a Clock every Day, that one would think all the World was converted into News-Mongers and Intelligencers, for that's the firſt Salutation among all Mankind that frequent that Place. What News from *Scandaroon* and

Aleppo?

Aleppo? says the *Turkey* Merchant. What Price bears Currants at *Zant*? Apes at *Tunis*? Religion at *Rome*? Cutting a Throat at *Naples*? Whores at *Venice*? And the Cure of a Clap at *Padua*?

What News of such a Ship? says the *Insurer*. Is there any hope of her being Cast away, says the *Adventurer*, for I have Insured more by a Thousand Pounds, than I have in her? So have I through Mercy, says a second, and therefore let's leave a Letter of Advice for the Master, at the New Light-House at *Plimouth*, that he does not fail to touch at the *Goodwin-Sands*, and give us Advice of it from *Deal*, or *Canterbury*, and he shall have another Ship for his Faithful Service as soon as he comes to *London*.

I have a Bill upon you, Brother, says one *Alderman* to another. Go Home, Brother, says the other, and if Money and my Man be Absent, let my Wife pay you out of her Privy-Purse, as your *Good Wife* lately paid a Bill at Sight for me, I thank her Ladyship.

Hark

Hark you, Mr. *Broker*, I have a Parcel of excellent Log-Wood, Block-Tin, Spiders Brains, Philoſophers Guts, *Don Qnixot*'s Windmills, Hens-Teeth, Ell-Broad Pack-Thread, and the Quinteſcence of the Blue of Plumbs. Go you Puppy, you are fit to be a Broker, and don't know that the *Greſhamites* buy up all theſe Rarities by Wholeſale all the Year, and Retail them out to the Society every firſt of *April*.

Hah, Old Acquaintance! *Touch Fleſh*: I have have been ſeeking thee all the *Change* over. I have a preſſing Occaſion for ſome Seeds of Sedition, *Jacobite Rue*, and *Whig Herb of Grace*, Can'ſt furniſh me? Indeed lau, No; ſaith the Merchant. I have juſt parted with them to the ſeveral Coffee-Houſes about the Town, where the reſpective Merchants meet that Trade in thoſe Commodities; but if you want but a ſmall Parcel, you may be ſupplied by Mrs. *Bald--n*, or *Da--y* and his Son-in-Law *Bell and Clapper*, and moſt Bookſellers in *London* and *Weſtminſter*. Da, da, I'll about it immediately. Stay a little Mr. ——, I have a Word in private to you. If you know any of our *Whig* Friends

that

that have occaſion for any Stanch Votes for the Choice of Mayors or Sheriffs, that were Calculated for the Meridian of *London*, but will ſerve indifferently for any City, or Corporation in *Europe*, our Friend Mr. *Patſ--l* has abundance that lie upon his Hands, and will be glad to diſpoſe of them a good Pennyworth. Enough ſaid, They are no Winters Traffick, for tho' Mayors and Woodcocks come in about *Michaelmas*, they don't lay Springes for Sheriffs till about Midſummer, and then we'll talk with him about thoſe weighty Matters.

There ſtalks a Sergeant and his Mace, ſmelling at the Merchants Backſides, like a Hungry Dog for a Dinner.

There walks a Publick *Notary* tied to an Inkhorn, like an Ape to a Clog, to put off his Heathen-Greek Commodities, Bills of Store, and Charter Parties.

That Wheezing Sickly Shew with his Breeches full of the Prices of Male and Female Commodities, Projects, Complaints, and all Miſmanagements from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, is the *Devil's Broker*, and may be ſpoken withal every *Sunday* from Eleven

in

in the Morning, till Four in the After-noon, at the next *Quakers Meeting*, to his Lodging, and not after; for the reſt of his time on that Day he employs in adjuſting his Accompts, and playing at *Back-Gammon* with his Principal.

There goes a Rat-catcher in ſtate, Brandiſhing his Banner like a Blackamore in a Pageant on the Execution-Day of Roſt Beef, Greaſie Geeſe, and Cuſtards.

And there Sneaks a Hunger-ſtarv'd *Uſurer* in queſt of a Craſie Citizen for Uſe and Continuance-Money, which the other ſhuns as carefully as a Sergeant, or the Devil.

Now ſay I to my *Indian*, Is not all this Hodge-Podge a Pleaſant Confuſion, and a Perfect Amuſement? The Aſtoniſh'd Traveller reply'd, Without doubt the Indigeſted *Chaos* was but an imperfect repreſentation of this congregated Huddle. But that which moſt Amuſes my Underſtanding, is to hear 'em ſpeak all Languages, and talk of nothing but Trucking, and Bartering, Buying and Selling, Borrowing and Lending, Paying and Receiving, and yet I ſee nothing they have to diſpoſe of unleſs thoſe that have them

them, ſell their Gold Chains, the Braziers their Leathern Aprons, the Young Merchants their Swords, or the Old Ones their Canes and Oaken-Plants, that ſupport their Feeble Carcaſes. That doubt, quoth I to my inquiſitive *Indian*, is eaſily ſolved, for tho their Groſſer Wares are at Home in their Store-Houſes, they have many Things of Value to Truck for, that they always carry about them: As Juſtice for Fat Capons to be delivered before Dinner. A Reprieve from the Whipping-Poſt, for a Dozen Bottles of Claret to drink after it. Licences to ſell Ale for a Hogſhead of Stout to his Worſhip; and leave to keep a Coffee-Houſe, for a Cask of *Cold Tea*, to his Lady. Name but what you want, and I'll direct you to the Walks where you ſhall find the Merchants that will Furniſh you. Would you buy the Common Hunt, the Common Cryers, the Bridge-Maſter's, or the Keeper of *Newgate*'s Places? Stay till they fall, and a Gold-Chain, and a Great Horſe will direct you to the Proprietors. Would you buy any Naked Truth, or Light in a Dark-Lanthorn? Look in the *Wet-Quakers Walk*. Have you occaſion for Comb-

Bruſhes,

Bruſhes, Tweezers, Cringes, or Complements, *A la mode*? The *French Walk* will ſupply you. Want you Old Cloaks, Plain Shooes, or Formal Gravity? You may fit your ſelf to a Cows-Thumb among the *Spaniards*.

Have you any Uſe in your Country for Upright Honeſty, or Downright Dealing? You may buy plenty of them both among the *Stock-Jobbers*, for they are dead Commodities, and that Society are willing to quit their Hands of them.

Would you lay out your *Indian* Gold for a *New Plantation*? Enquire for the *Scotch Walk*, and you buy a Good Pennyworth in *Darien*: Three of your own Kings, for as many New *Hats*, and all their Nineteen Subjects into the Purchaſe, to be delivered at the *Scotch Eaſt-India Office*, by Parſon *Pattiſon*, or their Secretary *Wiſdom Webſter*. If you want any Tallow, Rapparee's Hides, or *Popiſh* Maſſacres, enquire in the *Iriſh Walk*, and you cannot loſe your Labour: But I am interrupted.

Look! Yonder's a *Jew* treading upon an *Italian's* Foot, to carry on a Sodomitical Intrigue, and Bartering their Souls

Souls here, for Fire and Brimſtone in another World.

See, there's a Beau that has Play'd away his Eſtate at a Chocolate-Houſe, going to Sell himſelf to *Barbadoes*, to keep himſelf out of *Newgate*, and from Scandalizing his Relations at *Tyburn*.

There's a Poet Reading his Verſes, and ſqueezing his Brains into an Amorous Cits Pockets, in hopes of a Teſter to buy himſelf a Dinner.

Behind that Pillar is a *Welch Herald* deriving a Merchant's Pedigree from *Adam*'s Great-Grandfather, to entitle him to a Coat of Arms, when he comes to be Alderman.

But now the *Change* began to empty ſo faſt, I thought 'twas time to troop off to an Eating-Houſe; but my *Indian* pull'd me by the Sleeve to ſatisfie his Curioſity, why they ſtain'd ſuch ſtately Pillars with ſo many Dirty Papers. I told him, they were Advertiſements. Why, ſays he, don't they put them into the *Poſt-Boy*? Can't the Folks in this Country read it? Pray let me know the Contents of ſome of theſe Scrawls.

Why

Why first here is a *Ship* to be sold, with all her Tackle and Lading. There are Vertuous Maidens that are willing to be Transported with *William Penn* into *Merriland*, for the Propogation of *Quakerism*. In another is a *Tutor* to be Hired, to instruct any Gentleman's, or Merchant's Children in their own Families: And under that an Advertisement of a *Milch-Ass*, to be sold at the Night-Mans in *White-Chappel*.

In another Colume in a *Gilded-Frame* was a Chamber-Maid that wanted a Service; and over her an Old Batchelor that wanted a House-keeper. On the sides of these were two lesser Papers, one containing an Advertisement of a Red-Headed Monkey lost from a Seed-Shop in the *Strand*, with two Guineas Reward to him or her that shall bring him Home again with his Tail and Collar on. On the other side was a large Folio fill'd with Wet and Dry Nurses; and Houses to be Lett; and Parrots, Canary-Birds, and Setting-Dogs to be sold.

The Way to my Lodging lay through *Cheapside*, but dreading the Canibal Man-catchers at the *Counter-Gate*, that suck the Blood, and pick

the Bones of all the Paupers that fall into their Clutches; nay, are worſe than Dogs, for they'll Devour one another; I Tack'd about, and made a Trip over *Moor-fields*, and Viſited our Friends in *Bedlam*.

A Pleaſant Piece it is, and abounds with Amuſements; the firſt of which is the Building ſo ſtately a Fabrick for Perſons wholly unſenſible of the Beauty and Uſe of it: The Outſide is a perfect Mockery to the Inſide, and admits of two Amuſing Queries: Whether the Perſons that ordered the Building it, or thoſe that Inhabit it, were the Maddeſt? And whether the Name and Thing be not as diſagreeable as Harp and Harrow? But what need I wonder at that, ſince the whole is but one Intire Amuſement: Some were Preaching, and others in full Cry a Hunting. Some were Praying, others Curſing and Swearing. Some were Dancing, others Groaning. Some Singing, others Crying, and all in perfect Confuſion. A ſad Repreſentation of the greater Chimerical World, only in this there's no Whoring, Cheating, nor Sleeping, unleſs after the *Platonick* Mode in Thought, for want of Action. Here were *Perſons* Confi-

Confined that having no Money nor Friends, and but a ſmall Stock of Confidence, run Mad for want of Preferment. A *Poet* that for want of Wit and Senſe, run Mad for want of Victuals, and a Hard-favour'd *Citizens Wife*, that loſt her Wits becauſe her Husband kept a Handſome Miſtreſs.

In this Apartment was a *Common Lawyer* Pleading; in another a *Civilian* Sighing; a third encloſed a *Jacobite* Ranting againſt the Revolution; and a fourth a Moroſe Melancholy *Whig*, bemoaning his want of an Office, and complaining againſt Abuſes at Court, and Miſmanagements.

Miſſing many others, whom I thought deſerved a Lodging among their Brethren, I made Enquiry after them, and was told by the Keeper, they had many other Houſes of the ſame Foundation in the City, where they were diſpoſed of till they grew *Tamer*, and were qualified to be admitted Members of this *Soberer* Society. The Projectors, who are generally Broken Citizens, were coop'd up in the *Counters* and *Ludgate*. The Beaus, and Rakes, and Common Mad Gilts, that labour under a *Furor*

Uterini in *Bridewell*, and Juſtice *Long*'s Powdering-Tub; and the Vertuoſi were confined to *Greſham-College*. Thoſe, continued he, in whoſe Conſtitutions Folly has the Aſcendant over Frenzy, are permitted to Reſide, and be Smoaked in Coffee-Houſes; and thoſe that by the Governors of this Hoſpital, are thought Utterly Incurable, are ſhut up with a pair of Foils, a Fiddle, and a Pipe, in the Inns of Court and Chancery; and when their Fire and Spirits are exhauſted, and they begin to Dote, they are removed by *Habeas Corpus* into a certain Hoſpital built for that purpoſe near *Amen-Corner*.

Walking from hence, I had leiſure to ask my *Indian* his Opinion of theſe Amuſements, who after the beſt manner his Genius would ſuffer him, harangued upon Deficiency of Sence, as the only Beneficial Quality, ſince the bare pretence to *Wit* was attended by ſuch Tragical Misfortunes, as Confinement to Straw, Small Drink, and Flogging.

Hearing a Noiſe as we approached near *Cripplegate* Church, my Curioſity lead me into the Inſide of it, where Mr. *Sm——ys* was Holding-forth againſt

gainſt all the Vices of the Age, but Whoring and Midwifery; for ſuch a ſtretch of Extravagancy had loſt both his own and his Wifes Fees at *Chriſtenings*, and Stuffing their Wembs at *Churchings*: And you know none but Poets and Players decry their own way of Living. He was very Heavenly upon Conjugal Duties and Chaſtity, for a reaſon you may imagine: Preſs'd Filial Obedience and Honeſty, with as much Vigour, as if his own Sons had been his Auditors: But above all, laid out himſelf as powerfully in exciting his Hearers to be Charitable to the Poor, as if himſelf had been the *Judas* and the Bag-bearer. Now

I that am always more ſcared at the ſight of a *Sergeant*, or *Bayliff*, than at the Devil and all his Works, was mortally frighted in my Paſſage through *Barbican* and *Long-Lane*, by the Impudent *Ragſellers*, in thoſe Scandalous Climates, who laid hold of my Arm to ask me, *What I lack'd?* At firſt it made me Tremble worſe than a Quaker in a Fit of *Enthuſiaſm*, imagining it had been an Arreſt; but their Rudeneſs continuing at every Door, relieved me from thoſe Pannick Fears;

Uterini in *Bridewell*, and Juſtice *Long's* Powdering-Tub; and the Vertuoſi were confined to *Greſham-College*. Thoſe, continued he, in whoſe Conſtitutions Folly has the Aſcendant over Frenzy, are permitted to Reſide, and be Smoaked in Coffee-Houſes; and thoſe that by the Governors of this Hoſpital, are thought Utterly Incurable, are ſhut up with a pair of Foils, a Fiddle, and a Pipe, in the Inns of Court and Chancery; and when their Fire and Spirits are exhauſted, and they begin to Dote, they are removed by *Habeas Corpus* into a certain Hoſpital built for that purpoſe near *Amen-Corner*.

Walking from hence, I had leiſure to ask my *Indian* his Opinion of theſe Amuſements, who after the beſt manner his Genius would ſuffer him, harangued upon Deficiency of Sence, as the only Beneficial Quality, ſince the bare pretence to *Wit* was attended by ſuch Tragical Misfortunes, as Confinement to Straw, Small Drink, and Flogging.

Hearing a Noiſe as we approached near *Cripplegate* Church, my Curioſity lead me into the Inſide of it, where Mr. *Sm——ys* was Holding-forth againſt

gainſt all the Vices of the Age, but Whoring and Midwifery; for ſuch a ſtretch of Extravagancy had loſt both his own and his Wifes Fees at *Chriſtenings*, and Stuffing their Wembs at *Churchings*: And you know none but Poets and Players decry their own way of Living. He was very Heavenly upon Conjugal Duties and Chaſtity, for a reaſon you may imagine: Preſs'd Filial Obedience and Honeſty, with as much Vigour, as if his own Sons had been his Auditors: But above all, laid out himſelf as powerfully in exciting his Hearers to be Charitable to the Poor, as if himſelf had been the *Judas* and the Bag-bearer. Now

I that am always more ſcared at the ſight of a *Sergeant*, or *Bayliff*, than at the Devil and all his Works, was mortally frighted in my Paſſage through *Barbican* and *Long-Lane*, by the Impudent *Ragſellers*, in thoſe Scandalous Climates, who laid hold of my Arm to ask me, *What I lack'd?* At firſt it made me Tremble worſe than a Quaker in a Fit of *Enthuſiaſm*, imagining it had been an Arreſt; but their Rudeneſs continuing at every Door, relieved me from thoſe Pannick Fears;

and the next that attack'd my Arm with *What ye buy, Sir, What ye lack?* I threw him from my Sleeve into the Kennel, saying, Tho' I want nothing out of your Shops, methinks you all want good Manners and Civility, that are ready to tear a New Sute from my Back, under pretence of selling me an Old one: Avant Vermin, your Cloaths smell as rankly of *Newgate* and *Tyburn*, as the Bedding to be sold at the *Ditch-side* near *Fleet-Bridge*, smells of a Bawdy-House and Brandy.

Smithfield would next have afforded us variety of Subjects to descant upon; but it being neither *Bartholomew-Fair* Time, nor Market-Day, I shall adjourn that View to another opportunity; and now proceed to,

---

Amuse-

Amuſement IV.

Weſtminſter-Hall.

A Magnificent Building, which is Open to all the World, and yet in a Manner is ſhut up, by the Prodigious Concourſe of People, who Crowd and Sweat to get in or out, and happy are they that don't leave their Lives, Eſtates, nor Conſciences behind them.

Here we entered into a great *Hall*, where my *Indian* was ſurprized to ſee, in the ſame Place, Men on the one ſide with Bawbles and Toys, and on the other taken up with the Fear of Judgment, on which depends their inevitable Deſtiny.

In this Shop are to be ſold Ribbons and Gloves, Towers and Commodes, by Word of Mouth: In another Shop Lands and Tenements are diſpoſed of by Decree.

On your Left Hand you hear a nimble Tongu'd Painted *Sempſtreſs*, with her Charming Treble, Invite you to buy ſome of her Knick-Knacks: And on your Right, a Deep-mouth'd Cry-ar commanding Impoſſibilities, *viz.* Silence to be kept among Women and Lawyers. What a Fantaſtical Jargon does this Heap of Contrarieties amount to?

While our Traveller is making his Obſervations upon this Motly Scene, he's frighted at the Terrible Approaches of a Multitude of Men in Black Gowns, and Round Caps, that make between them a moſt Hideous and Dreadful Monſter, call'd *Pettyfogging*, of which there is ſuch ſtore in *England*, that the People think themſelves obliged to pray for the *Egyptian* Locuſts, and Catterpillars, in exchange for this kind of Vermin. And this Monſter bellows out ſo pernicious a Language, that one Word alone is ſufficient to ruine whole Families.

At certain Hours appointed, there appears Grave and Dauntleſs Men, whoſe very Sight is enough to give one a Quartan-Ague, and who lays this Monſter on his Back.

Scarce a Day passes over their Heads, but they rescue out of his greedy Jaws some Thousand of Acres half devoured.

This Cursed Petty-Fogging is much more to be feared than Injustice it self. The latter openly undoes us, and affords us at least this Comfort, That we have a Right to bewail our selves; but the former by its Dilatory Formalities, rob us of all we have, and tells us for our Eternal Despair, that we suffer by Law.

Justice, if I may so express my self, is a Beautiful Young Virgin Disguis'd, brought on the Stage by the *Pleader*, Pursued by the *Artorney*, Cajol'd by the *Counsellor*, and Defended by the *Judge*.

Some Pert Critick will tell me now that I have lost my way in Digressions. Under favour, this Critick is in the wrong Box, for Digressions properly belong to my Subject, since they are all nothing but Amusements; and this is a Truth so uncontested, that I am resolved to continue them.

By way of Digression, I must here inform you, that in all those Places of my Voyage, where the *Indian* perplexes me with his Questions, I will drop

drop him, as I have already done, to purſue my own Reflexions: Upon this Condition however, that I may be allowed to take him up again, when I am weary of Travelling alone. I will likewiſe make bold to quit the Metaphor of my Voyage, whenever the Fancy takes me; for I am ſo far from confining my ſelf like a Slave to one particular Figure, that I will keep the Power ſtill in my Hands, to change if I think fit at every Period, my Figure, Subject, and Stile, that I may be leſs tireſom to the Modern Reader; for I know well enough, that Variety is the Predominant Taſte of the preſent Age.

Altho' nothing is durable in this Tranſitory World, yet 'tis obſerv'd, that this Saying proves falſe in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, where there are things of eternal continuance, as Thouſands have found true by Woful Experience, I mean *Chancery* Suits. Certain Sons of Parchment, call'd Sollicitors and Barriſters, make it their whole Buſineſs to keep the Shuttle-Cock in motion, and when one Hand is weary of it, they Play it into another. 'Tis the chiefeſt part of their Religion to keep up and animate the Differences among

among their Clyents, as it was with the Veſtal Virgins in the Days of *Yore*, to maintain the Sacred Fire.

'Tis a moſt ſurprizing thing that notwithſtanding all the Clamour, Squaling, and Bawling there is in the Courts, yet you ſhall have a Judge now and then take as Comfortable a Nap upon the Bench, as if he was at Church; and every Honeſt *Chriſtian* has reaſon to pray, that as often as a Cauſe comes to be heard, the Judges of Ancient Times were Awake, and the Modern Faſt Aſleep.

However this muſt be ſaid for them, that they are Righteous enough in their Hearts; but the Devil on't is, that they can't tell which way to take to inſtruct themſelves in the Merits of the Cauſe. The Contending Parties are ſuſpected by them, the Solicitor embroils them, the Counſellor Deafens them, the Attorney Importunes them, and (is it not a ſad thing?) the Shee-Sollicitor Diſtracts them. Well! Let what will happen on't, give me for my Money the Female Sollicitor.

A certain Judge in the Days of *Yore*, made his Boaſts one Day, that the moſt Charming Woman in the World,

World, was not able to make him forget that he was a Judge. Very likely, Sir, ſaid a Gentleman to him; but I'll lay Twenty to One on Nature's ſide. The Magiſtrate was a *Man* before he was a *Judge*. The firſt Motion he finds is for the Shee Solicitor, and the Second is for *Juſtice*.

A very Beautiful *Counteſs* went to a Moroſe Surly Judge's Chamber, to prepoſſeſs him in Favour of a very Unrighteous Cauſe, and to Sollicite for a *Colonel*, againſt a Tradeſman that Sued him.

This Tradeſman happened rhat very Moment to be in his Lordſhip's Cloſet, who found his Cauſe to be ſo Juſt, and Clear, that he could not forbear to promiſe him to take care he ſhould carry the Day.

The Words were no ſooner out of his Mouth, but our Charming *Counteſs* appear'd in the Anti-Chamber. The *Judge* immediately run as faſt as his Gouty Legs would give him leave to meet her Ladyſhip. Her *Eyes*, her *Air*, her *Graceful* Deportment, the Sound of her *Voice*, ſo many Charms in ſhort, pleaded ſo powerfully in her Favour, that at the firſt Moment he found the *Man* too Powerful for the

Judge,

Judge, and he promiſed our *Counteſs*, that the *Collonel* ſhould gain his Cauſe. Thus you ſee the Poor Judge engaged on both ſides. When he came back to his Cloſet, he found the *Tradeſman* reduc'd to the laſt Deſpair. I ſaw her, cries the Fellow as it were out of his Wits. I ſaw the *Lady* that ſolicits againſt me; and Lord what a Charming Creature ſhe is? I am undone my Lord, my Cauſe is loſt and ruin'd! Why, ſays the Judge, not yet recovered from his Confuſion, imagine your ſelf in my Place, and tell me if 'tis poſſible for frail Man to refuſe any thing that ſo Beautiful a Lady asks? As he ſpoke theſe Words, he pull'd a *Hundred Piſtols* out of his Pocket, which amounted to the Sum the Tradeſman ſued for, and gave them to him. By ſome means or other the *Counteſs* came to the knowledge of it; and as ſhe was Vertuous even to a Scruple, ſhe was afraid of being too much obliged by ſo Generous a Judge, and immediately ſent him a Hundred Piſtoles. The *Colonel* full as Gallant as the *Counteſs* was Scrupulous, paid her the Sum aforeſaid; and thus every one did as he ought to do. The Judge was afraid of being *Unjuſt*, the Counteſs

feared

feared to be too much obliged, the Collonel paid, and the Tradesman was satisfied: Or according to our old *English* Adage, all was well, *Jack* had *Joan*, and the Man had his Mare again.

Shall I give you my Opinion of this Judge's Behaviour, The first Motion he found in himself, was for the Charming *Sollicitrix*, which I cannot Excuse him for; and the second was for *Justice*, for which I Admire him.

While I thus amus'd my self, my Traveller is lost in a Fog of Black-Gowns; let us go and find him. Oh yonder he is at the farther end of the *Hall*, I call to him, he strives to come to me, but his Breath fails him, the Crowd over-presses him, he's carried down the Stream, he Swims upon his Elbows to get to Shoar.

At last half Spent, and dripping from every Pore in his Body, he comes up to me, and all the Relation I could get from him of what he had seen, was; Oh this Counfounded Country! Let us get out of it as soon as possibly we can, and never see it more.

Come,

Come, come, ſays I to him, let's go and Refreſh our ſelves after this Fatigue; and to put the Idea of the *Hall* out of our Heads, let's go this Evening into the Delicious Country of *Opera*.

Amuſe-

Amuſement V.

The Play-Houſe.

THE *Play-Houſe* is an Inchanted Iſland, where nothing appears in Reality what it is, nor what it ſhould be. 'Tis frequented by Perſons of all Degrees and Qualities whatſoever, that have a great deal of Idle Time lying upon their Hands, and can't tell how to employ it worſer. Here *Lords* come to Laugh, and to be Laugh'd at for being there, and ſeeing their Qualities ridicul'd by every Triobolary Poet. Knights come hither to learn the Amorous Smirk, the *A la mode* Grin, the Antick Bow, the Neweſt-Faſhion'd Cringe, and how to adjuſt his Phiz, to make himſelf as Ridiculous by Art, as he is by Nature.

Hither

Hither come the Country Gentlemen to ſhew their Shapes, and trouble the Pit with their Impertinence about Hawking, Hunting, and their Handſome Wives, and their Houſewifery.

There ſits a *Beau* like a Fool in a Frame, that dares not ſtir his Head, nor move his Body, for fear of incommoding his Wig, ruffling his Cravat, or putting his Eyes, or Mouth out of the Order his *Maitre de Dance* had ſet it in, whilſt a *Bully Beau* comes Drunk into the Pit, Screaming out, *Dam me*, Jack, *'tis a Confounded Play, let's to a* Whore *and ſpend our time better.*

Here the Ladies come to ſhew their Cloaths, which are often the only things to be admir'd in or about 'em. Some of them having Scab'd, or Pimpled Faces, wear a Thouſand Patches to hide them, and thoſe that have none, ſcandalize their Faces by a Fooliſh imitation. Here they ſhew their Courage by being unconcerned at a *Husband* being *Poiſon'd*, a *Hero* being *Kill'd*, or a Paſſionate Lover being Jilted: And diſcover their Modeſties by ſtanding Buff at a Baudy Song, or

a Naked Obſcene Figure. By the Signs that both Sexes hang out, you may know their Qualities or Occupations, and not miſtake in making your Addreſſes.

Men of *Figure* and Conſideration, are known by ſeldom being there, and Men of *Wiſdom* and Buſineſs, by being always abſent. A *Beau* is known by the Decent Management of his Sword-Knot, and Snuff-Box. A *Poet* by his Empty Pockets: A Citizen by his Horns and Gold Hatband: A Whore by a *Vizor-Mask*: And a Fool by Talking to her. A Play-Houſe *Wit* is diſtinguiſh'd by wanting Underſtanding; and a *Judge* of Wit by Nodding and Sleeping, till the falling of the Curtain, and Crowding to get out awake him.

I have told you already, that the Play-Houſe was the Land of Enchantment, the Country of Metamorphoſis, and performed it with the greateſt ſpeed imaginable. Here in the Twinkling of an Eye, you ſhall ſee Men transform'd into Demi-Gods: And Goddeſſes made as true Fleſh and Blood, as our Common Women. Here *Fools* by Slight of Hand, are converted

ted into *Wits*. Honeſt Women into Errant Whores, and which is moſt miraculous, Cowards into Valiant *Hero's*, and Rank *Cocquets* and *Jilts* into as Chaſte and Vertuous *Miſtreſſes*, as a Man would deſire to put his Knife into.

Let us now ſpeak a Word or ſo, of the Natives of this Country, and the Stock of *Wit* and *Manners* by which they Maintain themſelves, and Ridicule the whole World beſides. The People are all ſomewhat *Whimſical*, and Giddy-Brain'd: When they Speak, they Sing, when they Walk, they Dance, and very often do both when they have no mind to it.

The *Stage* has now ſo great a ſhare of Atheiſm, Impudence, and Prophaneneſs, that it looks like an Aſſembly of *Demons*, directing the Way *Hellward*; and the more Blaſphemous the Poets are, the more are they admired, even from Huffing *Dryden*, to Sing-Song *Durfey*, who always Stutters at Sence, and ſpeaks plain when he Swears *G--- Dam me*. What are all their New Plays but Damn'd Inſipid Dull *Farces*, confounded Toothleſs *Satyr*, or Plaguy *Rhiming* Plays, with Scurvy Heroes,

worſe than the Knight of the Sun, or *Amadis de Gaul.* They are the erranteſt *Plagiaries* in Nature, and like our Common News-Writers, ſteal from one another.

When any Humour Takes in *London*, they Ride it to Death before they leave it. The Primitive *Chriſtians* were not Perſecuted with half that Variety, as the poor Unthinking *Beaux* are tormented with upon the Theatre.

Character they ſupply with a *Smutty* Song, Humour with a *Dance*, and Argument with *Lightning* and *Thunder*, which has often reprieved many a Scurvy Play from Damning.

A Huge great *Muff*, and a *Gaudy* Ribbon hanging at a Bully's Backſide, is an Excellent Jeſt; and New Invented Curſes, as *Stap my Vitals*, *Damn my Diaphragma*, *Slit my Wind-Pipe*; Rig up a New Beau, tho' in the Main 'tis but the ſame everlaſting Coxcomb; and there's as much difference between their Rhimes, and Solid Verſe, as between the Royal Pſalmiſt, and *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, with their Collars of *Ay*'s and *Eeke*'s about them.

This

'Tis a hard Matter to find ſuch things as Reaſon, Senſe, or Modeſty, among them; for the Mens Heads are ſo full of Muſick, that you can have nothing from them but empty Sounds; and the Women are ſo *Light*, they may eaſily be blown up or down like a Feather.

Amuſement VI.

The WALKS.

WE have divers ſorts of Walks about *London*, in ſome you go to ſee and be ſeen, in others neither to ſee nor to be ſeen, but like a Noun Subſtantive to be Felt, Heard, and Underſtood.

The Ladies that have an Inclination to be Private, take Delight in the Cloſe Walks of *Spring-Gardens*, where both Sexes meet, and mutually ſerve one another as Guides to loſe their Way, and the Windings and Turnings in the little Wilderneſſes, are ſo intricate, that the moſt Experienc'd Mothers, have often loſt themſelves in looking for their Daughters.

From Spring-Garden we ſet our Faces towards *Hide-Park*, where Horſes have their Diverſion as well as Men, and Neigh and Court their Miſtreſſes almoſt

almoſt in as intelligible a Dialect. Here People Coach it to take the Air, amidſt a Cloud of *Duſt*, able to Choak a Foot Soldier, and hinder'd us from ſeeing thoſe that come thither on purpoſe to ſhew themſelves: However we made hard ſhift to get now and then a Glance at ſome of them.

Here we ſaw much to do about nothing; a World of Brave Men, Gilt Coaches, and Rich Liveries. Within ſome of them were Upſtart Courtiers, blown up as big as Pride and Vanity could ſwell them to; ſitting as Upright in their Chariots, as if a Stake had been driven through them. It would hurt their Eyes to exchange a Glance upon any thing that's Vulgar, and that's the Reaſon they are ſo ſparing of their Looks, that they will neither Bow nor move their Hats to any thing under a Duke or a Dutcheſs; and yet if you examine ſome of their Originals; a Covetous, Soul-leſs Miſer, or a great Oppreſſor, laid the Foundation of their Families, and in their Retinue there are more Creditors than Servants.

See, ſays my *Indian*, what a Bevy of Gallant Ladies are in yonder Coaches; ſome are Singing, others Laugh-

ing, others Tickling one another, and all of them Toying and devouring Cheeſe-Cakes, March-Pane, and *China* Oranges. See that Lady ſays he, was ever any thing ſo black as her Eye, and ſo clear as her Forehead? One would Swear her Face had taken its Tincture from all the Beauties in Nature; and yet perhaps, anſwered I to my Fellow Traveller, all this is but Impoſture; ſhe might, for ought we know, go to Bed laſt Night as ugly as a *Hagg*, tho' ſhe now appears like an Angel: and if you did but ſee this Puppet taken to pieces, her whole is but Paint and Plaſter. From hence we went to take a Turn in the *Mall*.

When we came into theſe Pleaſant Walks, my Fellow Traveller was Raviſh'd at the moſt agreeable Sight in Nature. There were none but Women there that Day as it happened, and the Walks were covered with them.

I never, ſaid he to me Laughing, beheld in my Life ſo great a Flight of Birds. Bleſs me, how Fine and Pretty they are.

Friend,

Friend, reply'd I to him in the ſame Metaphor, theſe are Birds to Amuſe one, that change their Feathers two or three times a Day.

They are Fickle and Light by Inclination, Weak by Conſtitution, but never weary of Billing and Chirping.

They never ſee the Day till the Sun is juſt going to Set, they Hop always upright with one Foot upon the Ground, and touch the Clouds with their proud Toppings. In a word, the generality of Women are Peacocks when they Walk; Water-Wagtails when they are within Doors, and Turtles when they meet Face to Face.

This is a bold Deſcription of them, ſays my *Indian*. Pray tell me, Sir, ſays he, is this Portrait of them after Nature? Yes, without Queſtion, anſwer'd I, but I know ſome Women that are Superior to the reſt of their Sex, and perhaps to Men alſo. In relation to thoſe, I need not ſay much to diſtinguiſh them from the reſt, for they'll ſoon diſtinguiſh themſelves by their Vertuous Diſcourſe and Deportment.

Nothing is so hard to be Defined as Women, and of all Women in the World none are so undefinable as those of *London*.

The *Spanish* Women are altogether *Spanish*, the *Italians* altogether *Italians*, the *Germans* altogether *Germans*, the *French* Women always like themselves; but among the *London Women* we find *Spaniards*, *Italians*, *Germans*, and *French*, blended together into one individual Monopoly of all Humours and Fashions.

Nay, how many different Nations are there of our *English* Ladies. In the first place there is the *Politick* Nation of your Ladies of the Town. Next the *Savage* Nation of Country Dames. Then the *Free* Nation of the Coquets. The *Invisible* Nation of the Faithful Wives, (the worst Peopled of all.) The *Good-Natur'd* Nation of Wives that Cuckold their Husbands, (they are almost forced to Walk upon one anothers Heads, their Numbers are so prodigious.) The *Warlike* Nation of Intriguing Ladies. The *Fearful* Nation of ———, but there are scarce any of them left. The *Barbarous* Nation of Mothers-in-Law. The *Haughty* Nation of Citizens Wives, that

that are Dignified with a Title. The *Strowling* Nation of your regular Viſitants, and the Lord knows how many more: Not to reckon the *Superſtitious* Nation that run after Conjurers and Fortune-Tellers. 'Tis pitty this latter ſort are not lock'd up in a Quarter by themſelves, and that the Nation of *Cunning* Women are not rooted out that abuſe them, and ſet them upon doing ſome things, which otherwiſe they would not.

I have ſuffer'd my ſelf to be carried too far by my Subject. 'Tis a ſtrange thing that we cannot talk of Women with a Juſt Moderation: We either talk too much, or too little of them: We don't ſpeak enough of *Vertuous* Women, and we ſpeak too much of thoſe that are not ſo.

Men would do Juſtice to 'em all, if they could talk of them without Paſſion; but they ſcarce ſpeak at all of thoſe that are Indifferent: They are prepoſſeſſed for them they Love, and againſt them by whom they cannot make themſelves to be Beloved.

They rank the latter in the Claſs of *Irregular* Women, becauſe they are Wiſe, and indeed Wiſer than they would have them be. The Railing of

the

the Men ought to be the Juſtification of the Women; but it unluckily falls out, that one half of the World take delight to raiſe Scandalous Stories, and t'other half in believing them.

Slander has been the Product of all Times, and all Countries; it is very near of as Ancient ſtanding in the World, as Vertue. Defamation ought to be more ſeverely puniſh'd than Theft. It does more Injury to Civil Societies, and 'tis a harder matter to ſecure one's Reputation from a Slanderer, than one's Money from a Robber.

All the World are agreed, that both one and the other are Scoundrels, yet for all that we eſteem 'em when they excel in this Art. A Nice and a Witty Railer is the moſt agreeable Perſon in Converſation; and he that Dexterouſly picks another Man's Pocket, as your Quacks and Attornies, draws the Veneration even of thoſe who live by Cutting of Purſes.

When one obſerves in what Reputation both of them live, one would be apt to ſay, That 'tis neither Defamation, nor Robbery, that we blame in others; but only their *Awkardneſs* and want of Skill. They are puniſh'd for not

not being able to arrive at the Perfection of their Art.

Come, come, ſays my *Indian*, you ramble from your Subject; you ſpeak of Back-Biting in General, whereas at preſent we are only talking of that Branch of it which belongs to Women. I would bring you back to that Point, which puts me in mind of certain Laws, which was heretofore propoſed by a Legiſlator of my Country. One of theſe Laws gave permiſſion for one Woman to Slander another; in the firſt place, becauſe it is *impoſſible to prevent it*; and beſides, becauſe in Matters of Gallantry, ſhe that accuſes her Neighbour, might her ſelf be accuſed of it in her turn, purſuant to the Ancient and Righteous Law of returning a *Rowland* for an *Oliver*.

But how would you have a Woman quit Scores with a Man, who has publiſh'd diſadvantageous Stories of her? Muſt ſhe ſerve him in the ſame kind? By all means: For if Men think it a piece of Merit to Conquer Women, and Women place theirs in well defending themſelves, ſhe that gets a Lover ſings a Triumph; and

ſhe

ſhe that Loves, confeſſes her ſelf to be Conquered.

If it were true, that the Ladies were more Weak than we are, their Fall would be more excuſable; but I think we are Weaker than our Wives, ſince we expect they ſhould pardon us in every thing, and we will pardon nothing in them. One would think that when a Man had got a Woman into a Matrimonial Nooſe, 'twas enough for her to be wholly his: And by the ſame Reaſon ſhould not the Man be wholly hers? What a Tyranny is this in the Men, to monopolize Infidelity to themſelves?

But if Men will be ſlandering Women, let them vent their Fury againſt thoſe only that are ugly, for that is neither Slandering nor Calumniating, tho' it be a Crime the Ladies will never forgive; for the Generality of them are more Jealous of the Reputation of their Beauties, than of their Honours, and ſhe that wants a whole Morning at leaſt to bring her Face to perfection, would be more concern'd to be ſurpriz'd at her *Toilet*, than to be taken in the Arms of a Gallant.

I am not at all ſurprized at this Notion, for the chief Vertue in the Ladies Catechiſm is to pleaſe; and Beauty pleaſes Men more effectually than Wiſdom. One Man loves Sweetneſs and Modeſty in a Woman; another loves a Jolly Damſel with Life and Vigour; but Agreeableneſs and Beauty Reliſhes with all Humane Pallats.

A Young Woman who has no other Portion than her hopes of Pleaſing, is at a loſs what Meaſures to take that ſhe may make her Fortune. Is ſhe Simple, we deſpiſe her: Is ſhe Vertuous we don't like her Company. Is ſhe a Coquet, we avoid her: Therefore to ſucceed well in the World, 'tis neceſſary that ſhe be Vertuous, Simple, and a Coquet all at once. Simplicity Invites us, Coquetry Amuſes, and Vertue Retains us.

'Tis a hard matter for a Woman to eſcape the Cenſures of the Men. 'Tis much more ſo to guard themſelves from the Womens Tongues. A Lady that ſets up for Vertue, makes her ſelf envied; ſhe that pretends to Gallantry, makes her ſelf deſpiſed; but ſhe that pretends to nothing, eſcapes Contempt and Envy, and

and ſaves her ſelf between two Reputations.

This Management ſurpaſſes the Capacity of a Young Woman: Thoſe that are Young and Handſome, are expoſed to two Temptations: To preſerve themſelves from them they want the Aſſiſtance of Reaſon; and 'tis their Misfortune that Reaſon comes not in to their Relief, till their Youth and Beauty, and the Danger is gone together. Tell us why ſhould not Reaſon come as ſoon as Beauty, ſince one was made to defend the other?

It does not depend upon a Woman to be Handſome; the only Beauty that all of them might have, and ſome of them, to ſpeak Modeſtly, think fit to part with, is *Chaſtity*; but of all Beauties whatſoever, 'tis the eaſieſt to loſe.

She that never was yet in Love, is ſo aſham'd of her firſt Weakneſs, that ſhe would by all means conceal it from her ſelf: As for the ſecond, ſhe deſires to conceal it from others; but ſhe does not think it worth the while to conceal the third from any Body.

When *Chaſtity* is once gone, 'tis no more to be retriev'd than Youth.

Thoſe

Thoſe that have loſt their Chaſtities, aſſumes an affected one, which is much ſooner provoked than that which is real: Of which we had an Experiment in the Cloſe Walk at the Head of *Roſamond's Pond*, where for one poor Equivocal Word, a Brisk She was ready to tear a Gentleman's Cravat off; who after a further Parley, diſcover'd her ſelf to be ſenſible of ſome things which ſhe ought to have been ignorant of, to have maintained her affected Modeſty.

A Lady of this Character was ſitting on the ſide of this *Pond* upon the *Graſs* with her Younger Siſter newly come out of the Country, to whom a Spark ſitting by, entertain'd her with a Relation of an Amorous Adventure between my Lord ——, and my Lady *Love it*; but expreſſing himſelf in ſuch Obſcene Ambiguous Terms, that a Woman that did not know *What* was *What*, could as ſoon fly with a Hundred Weight of Lead at her Heels, as tell what to make of it: The more obſcurely the Gentleman told his Story, the more attentively did our Young Creature liſten to it, and diſcover'd her Curioſity by ſome ſimple harmleſs Queſtions. The Elder of

the two Sisters desirous to let the Gentleman, and others that sate by them, understand that she had more Modesty than her Younger Sister, cryed out, Oh fie, Sister, fie; Can you hear such a wicked Story as this without Blushing?

Alas, Sister, says the Young Innocency, I don't yet know what it is to Blush, or what it is you mean by it!

The Gentleman soon took the Hint, and whispering the Elder Sister in the Ear, she immediately sends Home the Young Ignorant Creature by her Footman, and Trig'd away Hand in Hand with the Gentleman. Her cunning Management, shew'd her an Experienc'd *Coquet*, who observ'd a sort of *Decorum*, ~~to Usher~~ in a greater Liberty.

Every thing is managed in good Order, by a Woman that knows her Company, and understands her Business. He that loses his Money out of Complaisance, yields place to him who lends the Lady his Coach to take the Air in. The Young *Heir* begins where the Ruin'd *Cully* ended. He that pays for the Collation, is succeeded by another that Eats it; and when

when my *Lord* comes in at the Gate, poor Sir *John* muſt Scamper out at the Window.

The Green Walk afforded us variety of Diſcourſes from Perſons of both Sexes. Here walk'd a Beau *Bare-headed* by a Company of the Common Profeſſion in Diſhabilie, and Night-Dreſſes; either for want of Day Cloths, or to ſhew they were ready for Buſineſs.

Here walk'd a *French* Fop with both his Hands in his Pockets, carrying all his Pleated Coat before, to ſhew his Silk Breeches.

There were a Cluſter of Senators talking of State Affairs, and the Price of Corn, and Cattle, and were diſturb'd with the Noiſy *Milk Folks*, crying, *A Can of Milk, Ladies; a Can of Red Cows Milk, Sir.*

Here were a Beavy of Buckſom Laſſes complaining of the Decay of Trade, and Monopilies; and there Vertuous Women, Railing againſt Whores, their Husbands, and Coquettry.

And now being weary of Walking ſo long, we repoſed our ſelves upon one of the Benches, and digeſting ſeveral Dialogues between the Modeſt

Ladies and Coquets, made this Obſervation.

That tho' the *Coquets* were deſpiſed by the generality of *Ladies*, yet they immitate them to a Hairs Breadth in their whole Conduct. They learn of them the *Winning* Air, the *Bewitching* Glance, the *Amorous* Smirk, and the *Sullen* Pout. They *Talk*, and *Dreſs*, and *Patch* like them: They muſt needs go down with the Stream. It is the Coquets that Invent the New Modes and Expreſſions; every thing is done for them, and by them; tho' with all theſe Advantages, there is a vaſt difference between the one and the other. The Reputation of Vertuous Women is more ſolid; that of Coquets is more extended. But

I am ſenſible I have made too long a ſtay in this part of my Voyage. A Man always Amuſes himſelf longer with the *Women*, than he is willing. Well, ſince we are here, let's ſhew our *Indian* the Horſe-Guards, the Country of Gallantry.

In our Way thither, was nothing worth our Obſervation, unleſs 'twas the Bird-Cage, inhabited by Wild-Fowl; the Ducks begging Charity, the Black-Guard Boys robbing their own

own Bellies to relieve them, and an *Engliſh Dog-Kennel* Tranſlated into a *French Eating-Houſe*.

GALLANTRY.

LET'S enter into this Brave Country, and ſee ——: But what is there to be ſeen here? Gallantry and Bravery which was formerly ſo well Cultivated, ſo Flouriſhing and Frequented by many Perſons of Honour, is at preſent Deſolate, Unmanur'd, and Abandoned! What a Deſert 'tis become! Alaſs, I can ſee nothing in it but a Disbanned Soldier mounted upon a Pedeſtal, ſtanding Centinel over the Ducks and Wild-Geeſe, and to prevent an Invaſion by O——'s *Spaniſh Pilgrims*, or *Webſter's Darcinus*.

Why, ſays my *Indian*, is that a Soldier? He has ne'er a Sword, and is Naked.

I ſuppoſe, reply'd I to the *Indian*, ſince the Peace he has Pawn'd his Sword to buy him Food; and for his

being Naked, who regards it? What ſignifies a *Soldier* in Time of *Peace?* Piſh, a Soldier Naked, is that ſuch a Wonder? What are they good for elſe but Hanging, or Starving, when we have no occaſion for them; as has been learnedly determined by the Author of that Original Amuſement, *Arguments againſt a Standing Army.*

Our God, and Soldier, we alike Adore,
Juſt at the Brink of Danger, not before;
After Deliverance, they are alike requited,
Our God's Forgotten, and our Soldier's Slighted.

Come, this is a Melancholy Country, let's leave Amuſing our ſelves about Gallantry and Bravery, and all at once, like Men that have nothing to Do, nor nothing to Have, take a Trip into the Land of Marriage, and ſee Who and Who are together: But firſt, What are thoſe Soldiers doing? They look like Brave Fellows.

They

They are, (ſays I) drawn up to Prayers; and would be brave Men indeed, if they were half as good at Praying, and Fighting, as they are at Curſing and Swearing.

Amuſement VII.

MARRIAGE.

TIS a difficult Task to ſpeak ſo of Marriage, as to pleaſe all People. Thoſe who are not Noos'd in the Snare, will thank me for giving a Comical Deſcription of it. The Grand Pox eat this Buffoon, ſays the Serious Wary Husband; if he was in my Place, he wou'd have no more Temptation to *Laugh*, than to Break his Neck. If I Moralize gravely upon the Inconveniences of Matrimony, thoſe that have a Longing to enter into that Honourable State, will complain that I diſſwade them from ſo Charming a Condition. How then ſhall I order my Diſcourſe? For I am in a great Perplexity about it.

A certain Painter made a Picture of *Hymen* for a young Lover. I wou'd have him drawn, ſays this Paſſionate Gen-

Gentleman, with all the Graces your utmoſt Skill can beſtow upon him: Above all, remember that *Hymen* ought to be more Beautiful than *Adonis*: You muſt put into his Hands a Flambeau more Brillant than that of *Love*. In ſhort, give him all the Charms that your Imagination and Colours can beſtow. I will pay you for your Picture, according as I find you uſe my Friend *Hymen*. The Painter who was well acquainted with his Generous Temper, was not wanting, you may be ſure, to anſwer his Expectations, and brought him Home the Piece the Evening before he was Married. Our young Lover was not at all ſatisfied with it. This Figure, ſays he, wants a certain *Gay Air*, it has none of thoſe *Charms* and *Agreements*. As you have Painted him, he makes but a very indifferent Appearance, and therefore you ſhall but be indifferently paid.

The Painter who had as much Preſence of Mind, as Skill in his Profeſſion, took a Reſolution what to do that very Moment. You are in the right on't, Sir, ſaid he, to find fault with my Picture, it is not yet dry: This Face is *Soak'd*, and to deal freely with

with you, the Colours I uſe in Painting, don't appear worth a Farthing at firſt. I will bring you this *Table* ſome Months hence, and then you ſhall pay me, as you find it pleaſes you: I am confident it will appear quite another thing then. *Sir, your Humble Servant, I have no occaſion for Money.*

The Painter carried his Piece Home; our young Lover was *Married* the next Day, and ſome Months went over his Head before the Painter appear'd. At laſt he brings the Picture with him, and our young Husband was ſurpriz'd when he ſaw it. You promis'd, ſays he, that time wou'd mend your Picture, and you are as good as your Word. Lord, what a difference there is? I ſwear I ſcarce know it now I ſee it again. I admire to ſee what a ſtrange effect a few Months have had upon your Colours; but I admire your Ingenuity much more. However, Sir, I muſt take the freedom to tell you, That in my Opinion his Looks are ſomewhat of the *Gayeſt*, theſe *Eyes* are too Brisk and Lively: Then to deal plainly with you, the *Fires* of *Hymen* ought not to be altogether ſo bright as thoſe of

of *Love*; for his is a Solid but Heavy Fire. Beſides, the Diſpoſition of your Figure, is ſomewhat to *Free*, and *Chearful*, and you have given him a certain Air of Wantonneſs, which let me tell you, Sir, does not at all ſit well upon . . . . . In ſhort, this is none of *Hymen*.

Very well, Sir, ſaid the Painter; what I foreſaw is now come to paſs. *Hymen* at preſent is not ſo beautiful in your Idea, as in my Picture. The Caſe is mightily alter'd from what it was three Months ago. 'Tis not my Picture, but your Imagination that is changed: You were a Lover then, but now a Husband.

I underſtand you very well, ſays the Husband interrupting him, *Let us drop that Matter.* Your Picture now pleaſes, and here is more Money for it than you could reaſonably have expected. By no means ſays the Painter, you muſt excuſe me there; but I will give you another Picture, wherein by certain *Optick Rules* and Perſpectives, it ſhall be ſo contrived, as it ſhall pleaſe both the *Lovers* and the *Husbands*, and perform'd it accordingly, placing it at the end of a Long-Gallery, upon a kind of an Alcove;

and

and to come to this Alcove, one muſt firſt paſs over a very Slippery Step. On this ſide of it was the Critical Place where the Piece look'd ſo Lovely and Delicious; but as ſoon as you were gone beyond it, it made a moſt lamentable Figure.

If you underſtand how difficult a thing it is to paint *Matrimony* to the Guſt of all People, pray ſuſpend your Cenſure here, I am going to Preſent my Picture, chuſe what Light you pleaſe to view it in.

To come back to my Travelling Stile, I muſt tell you at firſt Daſh that *Marriage* is a Country that Peoples all others: The *Commonalty* are more fruitful there than the *Nobility*, the reaſon of which perhaps is, That the Nobility take more delight to Ramble Abroad, than ſtay at Home. Marriage has this peculiar Property annext to it, that it can alter the Humours of thoſe that are ſetled in it. It frequently transforms a Jolly Fellow into a Meer *Sot*, it often melts down a *Beau* into an errant *Sloven*; and on the other Hand it ſo happens ſometimes, that a *Witty* Vertuous Woman will improve a *Dull* Heavy Coun-

Country *Booby*, into a Man of Sence and Gallantry.

People Marry for different Motives: Some are lead by Portion, and others by Reaſon; the former without knowing what they are going to do, and the latter knowing no more, but that the thing muſt be done.

There are Men in the World ſo weary of Quiet and Indolence, that they Marry only to divert themſelves. In the firſt place the *Choice* of a Woman employs them for ſome time: Then Viſits and Interviews, Feaſts and Ceremonies; but after the laſt Ceremony is over, they are more Tired and Weary than ever.

How many Hundred Married Couples do we ſee, who from the ſecond Year of their coming together, have nothing more in Common than their Names, their Quality, their Ill Humour and their Miſery.

I don't wonder there are ſo many Unhappy Matches, ſince Folks Marry rather wholly of their own Heads, or wholly by thoſe of others. A Man that Marries of his own Head, not ſeeing that in his *Spouſe*, which all the World ſees in her, is in danger of ſeeing

ing much more in her, than others ever did.

Another that has not Courage enough to truſt his own Judgment, fairly applies himſelf to the next *Match-Maker* in the Neighbourhood, who knows to a Tittle the exact Rates of the Market, and the Current Price of Young Women that are fit to Marry. Theſe Marriage *Huckſters*, or *Wife-Brokers*, have an admirable Talent to ſort Conditions, Families, Trades, and Eſtates: In ſhort, every thing together, except Humours and Inclinations, about which they never trouble themſelves.

By the Procurement of theſe experienc'd Matrons, a Marriage is ſtruck up like a *Smithfield* Bargain: There is much Higling and Wrangling for t'other Ten Pound. One ſide endeavours to raiſe, and the other to beat down the Market Price. At laſt, after a World of Words ſpent to fine purpoſe, they come to a Concluſion.

Others that have not time to Truck and Bargain ſo, go immediately to a Scrivener's to find out a *Rich Widow*, as they go to the Office of Intelligence to hearken out a Service.

It is not altogether the Match-makers Fault, if you are deceived in your Woman. She gives you an account of her *Portion* to a Farthing: You examine nothing but the Articles relating to the *Family* and the *Fortune*; the Woman is left in the Margin of the Inventory, and you find her too much at long run.

After all that I have said, I am not afraid to advance this Proposition; that *'tis possible for those that Marry to be Happy.* But you must call it Trucking or Bartering, and not Marrying, to take a Woman meerly for her Fortune, and reckon her Perfections by the Number of *Pounds* she is like to bring with her. Nor is it to Marry but to Please one's self, to choose a Wife as we do a *Tulip*, meerly for her Beauty. It is not to Marry, but to *Doat* at a certain Age, to take a *Young Woman* only for the sake of her Company.

What is it then to be Marry'd? Why, 'tis to choose with Circumspection, and Deliberation, by Inclination, and not by Interest, such a Woman as will chuse you after the same manner.

Besides

Beſides other things in common with all the World, the Country of *Marriage* has this Particular to it ſelf; That Strangers have a deſire to Settle there, and the Natural Inhabitants wou'd be Baniſh'd out of it with all their Hearts.

A Man may be Baniſh'd out of this Country by certain things call'd *Separation*; but the true way of getting out of it is by Widdow-hood, and is much to be preferred before Separation; for the Separated are *Savage* Animals, uncapable of the prettieſt Ties of Society. The uſual Cauſes of Separation is aſſign'd as the Fault of the Wife, but often the Husband is the occaſion that the Wife is in the Fault; and he himſelf is a Fool to proclaim to the World that his Wife has made a falſe Step.

It will be expected now, that I ſpeak a few Words of Widdowhood. 'Tis a Copious and Fertile Subject that's certain: but a Man may burn his Fingers by medling with it. For if I deſcribe them but as little concern'd for the Death of their Husbands, I ſhall offend the Rules of Decency and good Manners, and if I exaggerate their Afflictions, I ſhall offend the Truth.

What-

Whatever our Railers pretend to the contrary, I ſay there's no Widdowhood without a ſprinkling of Sorrow in it. Is it not a very Sorrowful Condition to be obliged to Counterfeit a perpetual Sorrow? A very Doleful Part this, that a Widdow muſt play, who would not give the World occaſion to Talk of her.

There are ſome Widdows in the World ſo mightily befriended by Providence, that their Sighs and Tears coſt them nothing I know one of a contrary Temper to this, who did honeſtly all that in her lay to afflict her ſelf; but Nature it ſeems had denied her the Gift of Tears. She deſir'd to raiſe the Compaſſion of her Husband's Relations, for her All depended on them.

One Day her Brother-in-Law, who lamented exceedingly, reproach'd her for not having ſhed one Tear. Alaſs, reply'd the Widow to him, my Poor Heart is ſo over-whelm'd with this unexpected Calamity, that I am, as it were become inſenſible by it. Great Sorrows are not felt at firſt; but I am ſure mine will Kill me in the End.

I know very well, ſaid her Brother-in-Law to her, that Griefs too great don't make themſelves at firſt to be perceived; and I know as well, that Violent Griefs don't continue long. Thus, Madam, you will be ſtrangely ſurprized, that the Grief of your Widdowhood will be paſt before you are aware.

Another Widow was reduced to the laſt pitch of Deſpair, nor was it without a very Sorrowful Occaſion. She had loſt upon the ſame Day the *Beſt Husband*, and the prettieſt little *Lap-Dog* in *London*. This double Widdowhood had brought her to ſo low a Condition, that her Friends were afraid of her Life. They durſt not ſpeak to her of Eating and Drinking; nay, they durſt not ſo much as offer to Comfort her. 'Tis a dangerous Matter, you know, to combat a Woman's Grief. The beſt way is to let Time and their Natural Inconſtancy work it off. However to accuſtom our Widdow by little and little to ſupport the Idea of her Two Loſſes, a Good Friend ſpoke to her firſt of her *Little Dog*. At the bare Name of *Dony*, there was ſuch a Howling and Crying, ſuch Tearing of Hair, and Beating of Breaſts; in ſhort,

ſhort, ſuch a Noiſe, and ſuch a Pother, that one would have thought Heaven and Earth had been coming together: At laſt ſhe fainted away. Well, ſays this Prudent Friend of hers, God be prais'd I was ſo happy as not to mention her *Husband* to her, for then ſhe had certainly Died upon the Spot.

The next Day the Name of *Dony* ſet her Tears a running in ſo great plenty, that it was hoped the Spring would ſtop of it ſelf, and the abovementioned Zealous Friend, thought ſhe might now venture to adminiſter ſome Conſolation to her.

Alaſs, ſays ſhe, if the bare Name of *Dony* gives you ſo much Affliction, what might we not fear from you, ſhould we talk to you of your *Dear Husband?* But God forbid I ſhould do that. *Ah Poor Dony!* To be Mow'd down thus in the Flower of Youth and Beauty! Well, *Madam*, you'll never have ſuch another pretty Creature again. But 'tis happy for the *Dog* that he's Dead, for you cou'd never have Lov'd him longer that's certain! Is it poſſible for a Woman to love any thing after ſhe has loſt her Husband?

After this manner it was that this *Diſcreet* Gentlewoman very dexterouſly mingled the Idea of the *Husband* with that of *Dony*, well knowing that as two Shoulders of Mutton drive down one another, ſo two powerful Griefs deſtroy one another by making a Diverſion. She obſerved that at the Name of *Dony*, her Tears redoubled, which ſtopt ſhort at the Name of *Husband*: It was without queſtion, a ſort of a *Qualm*. Every Body knows that Tears are a Tribute we owe, and only pay to ordinary Griefs. However it was, our poor Afflicted Widow paſſed ſeveral Days and Nights in this ſad Alternative of Weeping for her *Dog*, and Lamenting her *Husband*.

At laſt her Good Friend enquired all over the Town for a *Pretty Dog*; and it was her good Luck to light upon one much Finer and Prettier than *Dony of Happy Memory*, and preſented it to our Widdow, who burſt into a freſh Stream of Tears as ſhe accepted it. This Beautiful New-comer, ſo ſtrangely inſinuated himſelf into her Good Affections, that within Eight Days he had got the Aſcendant of her Heart, and *Dony* was no more thought of, then if he had never had a Being there.

there. Obſerve now what a Conſequence our Widows Friend drew from it.

If a New *Dog* has put a ſtop to her *Tears*, perhaps a New *Husband* will have the ſame Operation upon her *Qualms*. But Alaſs, the one was not to be ſo eaſily effected as the other. The New *Dog* ſo play'd his Cards, that he effaced the Memory of his Predeceſſors in Eight Days; but it was above *Three* Long Tedious Months, before our Widow could be brought to take a New *Husband* into her Bed.

Now tho' I left my ſelf full power to drop my *Indian* Traveller as often as I ſaw convenient, yet I have no intention to loſe him out of my Sight; for I have occaſion for him to authorize certain Odd Fances that come into my Head, concerning *Philoſophy* and *Phyſick*, which are the next Countries I deſign to viſit.

Amuſement VIII.

The Philoſophical, or Virtuoſi *Country.*

IN this Country every thing is obſcure, their Habitations, their Looks, their Language, and their Learning. 'Tis a long time ago ſince they undertook to cultivate the Country of *Science*; but the only Thing they have made clear and undeniable, is, that One and One makes Two: And the Reaſon why this is ſo *clear*, is becauſe it was known by all Men before they made a *Science* of it.

Their *Geometricians* work upon ſo ſolid a Foundation, that as ſoon as ever they have well laid the firſt Stone, they carry on their Buildings without the leaſt fear, ſo high as the *Atmoſphere*; but their *Philoſophers* build thoſe haughty Edifices they call Syſtems, upon a quite different Bottom. They

They lay their Foundation in the Air, and when they think they are come to ſolid Ground, the Building diſappears, and the Architects tumble down from the Clouds.

This Country of *Experimental Philoſophy*, is very Amuſing, and their Collections of *Rarities* exceeds that of *John Tradusken*, for here are the Galls of Doves, the Eye-Teeth of Flying Toads, the Eggs of Ants, and the Eyes of Oyſters. Here they weigh the *Air*, meaſure *Heat*, *Cold*, *Dryneſs*, and *Humidity*, great Diſcoveries for the publick advantage of Mankind. Without giving our ſelves the trouble to make uſe of our Senſes, we need but only caſt our Eyes upon a Weather-Glaſs, to know if 'tis Hot or Cold, if it Rains, or is Fair Weather.

Tempted by theſe Noble Curioſities, I deſired the favour of ſeeing ſome of the Gentlemen they called Improvers of Nature, and immediately they ſhewed me an Old Bard cutting Aſp Leaves into Tongues, which were to be faſtened in the Mouths of Flowers, Fruits, Herbs, and Seeds, with deſign to make the whole Creation Vocal. Another was Diſſecting

Atomes, and Mites in Cheese, for the improvement of the Anatomical Science, and a third was transfusing the Blood of an *Ass* into an *Astrological Quack*; of a *Sheep* into a *Bully*; and of a *Fish* into an *Exchange-Woman*, which had all the desired Effects; the *Quack* prov'd a *Sot*, the *Bully* a *Coward*, and the *Tongue-Pad* was *Silent*. All Prodigies in Nature, and none miscarried in the Operation.

In another Apartment were a curious Collection of *Contemplative* Gentlemen, that had their Employments severally assign'd them. One was Chewing the Cud upon Dr. *Burnet's New System of the World*, and making Notes upon it in Confutation of *Moses* and all the Antidiluvian *Historians*. Another was Reconciling the Differences among *Learned Men*, as between *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*, *Cardan* and *Copernicus*, *William Penn* and *Christianity*, Mr. *Edwards* and *Arabick*: Determining the Controversy between the *Acidists* and *Alkalists*, and putting a Period to the Abstruse Debates between the *Engineers* and *Mouse-Trap Makers*.

If any one ask me, which of these Disputants has Reason of his side, I will say that some of them have the *Reason of Antiquity*, the other *the Reason of Novelty*; and in Matters of Opinion, these two Reasons have a greater influence upon the Learned, than Reason it self.

Those that set up for finding the North-West Passage into the Land of *Philosophy*, would with all their Hearts, if it were possible, follow these two Guides all at once, but they are afraid to travel in a Road where they talk of nothing but *Accidents* and *Privation*, *Hecceities* and *Entelechias*. Then they find themselves all on the sudden seized with Hot and Cold, Dry and Moist, penetrated by a subtile Matter, encompassed with *Vortexes*, and so daunted by the fear of a *Vacuum*, that it drives them back, instead of encouraging them to go forward.

A Man need not lay it much to Heart that he never Travel'd through this Country; for those that have not so much as beheld it at a distance, know as much of it almost, as those that have spent a great deal of Money and Time there; but one of their Arts I admire above all the rest, and

that

hat is, when they have Conſumed their Eſtates in trifling Experiments, to perſwade themſelves they are now as Rich, and Eat and Drink as Luxuriouſly as ever; they view a ſingle Shilling in a Multiplying Glaſs, which makes it appear a Thouſand, and view their Commons in a Magnifying Glaſs, which makes a Lark look as big as a Turkey-Cock, and a Three-penny Chop as large as a Chine of Mutton.

Before I let my Traveller paſs from this place to *Phyſick*, 'twill not be amiſs to make him remark, That in the Country of *Science* and the *Court*, we loſe our ſelves; that we don't ſearch for our ſelves in *Marriage*; that in the *Walks* and among *Women* we find our ſelves again; but ſeldom or never come back from the Kingdom of *Phyſick*.

Amuſe-

Amuſement IX.

PHYSICK.

THE firſt thing remarkable in the Country of *Phyſick*, is, that it is ſituate upon the *Narrow* Paſſage from this World to the other. 'Tis a Clymaterick Country, where they make us Breath a Refreſhing Air, but ſuch a one as is a great Enemy to the Natural Heat, and thoſe that Travel far in this *Climate*, throw away a World of Money in Drugs, and at laſt Die of Hunger.

The Language that is ſpoken here, is very Learned; but the People that ſpeak it are very Ignorant.

In other Countries we learn Languages to be able to expreſs what we know in clear and intelligible Terms; but it looks as if *Phyſicians* learnt their Gibberiſh for no other purpoſe, than

to

to embroil what they do not understand.

How I pitty a Patient of good Sence that falls into their Hands? He is obliged at once to Combat the Arguments of the Doctor, the Disease it self, the Remedies, and Emptiness. One of my Friends, whom all this together had thrown into a *Dilyrium*, had a Vision in his Fever which sav'd him his Life. He fancied he saw a Feaver under the Shape of a Burning Monster, that press'd hard upon a Sick Man, and every Minute got Ground of him, till a Man who look'd like a *Guide*, came and took him by the *Wrist* to help him over a River of Blood. The poor Patient had not Strength enough to cross the Stream and so was Drown'd. The *Guide* used means to get himself paid for his Pains, and immediately run after another Sick Man, who was carried down a Stream of *Carduus* Posset-Drink, Barly-Broth, and Water-Gruel. My Friend advised by this Vision, discarded his *Doctor*, and 'twas this that did his Business; for when he was by himself, there was no Body to hinder him from recovering. The Absence of Physicians, is a Soveraign Remedy to him

him that has not Recourſe to a Quack.

Theſe Gentlemen of the *Faculty*, are Penſioners to *Death*, and Travel Day and Night to enlarge that Monarch's Empire; for you muſt know, notwithſtanding Diſtemper'd Humours make a Man Sick, 'tis the *Phyſician* that has the Honour of Killing him, and expects to be well paid for the Job, by his Relations that lay in wait for his Life to ſhare his Fortune: So that when a Man is ask'd how ſuch a one Died, he is not preſently to anſwer according to Corrupt Cuſtome, that he Died of a Feaver or Pleuriſy; but that he Died of the *Doctor*.

See a Conſult of them marching in State to a Patient, attended by a Diminitive *Apothecary*, that's juſt Arſe high, and fit to give a Clyſter. How Majeſterially they look, and talk of the Patient's Recovery, when they themſelves are but *Death* in a Diſguiſe, and bring the Patient's *Hour* along with them. While the Patient breaths and Money comes, they are ſtill Preſcribing; but when they have ſent the Patient hence, like a *Rat* with a Straw in's Arſe; they'll ſay his Body was as Rotten as a Pear, and 'twas impoſſible

poſſible to Save him. *Cruel* People, that are not contented to take away a Man's Life, and like the *Hangman*, be Paid when they have done; but muſt Perſecute him in the Grave too; and Blaſt his Honour, to excuſe their Ignorance.

It were to be wiſh'd that every Phyſician might be obliged to Marry; for its highly reaſonable, that thoſe Men ſhould beget Children to the State, who every Day rob the King of ſo many of his Subjects.

In this Land of *Phyſick* they have erected themſelves a *College*, for the Improvement of the Myſtery of *Man-Slaughter*; which may be call'd their *Armory*; for here are their Weapons and Utenſils forged, and a Company of Men attending to Kill Poor Folks out of meer Charity.

In one part of their Convent, is a *Chymical Elabaratory*, where ſome were Calcining Calves-Brains, to ſupply thoſe of the *Society* that wanted. Some fixing Volatile Wits, and others Rarifying Dull ones. Some were playing Tricks with *Mercury*, promiſing themſelves vaſt Advantages from the Proceſs; but after they had Reſolv'd the *Viſcous* Matter, and brought the

the *Materia Prima* into the *Coppel*, all went away in a Fume, and the Operator had his Labour for his Travel.

In another place were *Apothecaries* preparing *Medicines*. The Outſides of their Pots were Gilded, with the Titles of Preſervatives, Cordials, and Panpharmacons; but in the Inſide were Poyſons, or more Nauſeous Preparations. However of all our late pretended Alchimiſts, commend me to the Apothecaries, as the Nobleſt *Operators* and *Chimiſts*; for out of Toads, Vipers, and a *Sir Reverence it ſelf*, they will fetch ye Gold ready Minted, which is more than ever *Paracelſus* himſelf pretended to.

Here were alſo Chirurgeons in great Numbers, talking hard Words to their Patients, as Solution of Continuity, Diſlocations, Fractures, Amputation, Phlebotomy, and ſpoke *Greek* Words, without underſtanding the *Engliſh* of them. One of the Graveſt among them, propounded this Queſtion to the reſt. Suppoſe a Man falls from the *Main-Tard*, and lies all Bruiſed upon the *Deck*; Pray what is the *Firſt Intention* in that Caſe? A Brisk Fellow anſwers: You muſt give him

Iriſh

Irish Slate *quantum sufficit*, and Embrocate the Parts affected *Secundum Artem*. At which I seeming to Smile, another Reprimands me, saying, *What do you Laugh at, Sir, the Man's i'th right on't.* To whom I reply'd, With Reverence to your Age and Understanding, Sir, I think he's in the *wrong*; for if a Man falls from the Main-Yard, the first Intention is, *To take him up again.*

Among all these People every thing is made a Mystery, to detain their Patients in Ignorance, and keep up the Market of Physick; but were not the very Terms of Art, and Names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distempers, 'tis to be feared their *Remedies* would prove worse than the *Disease*.

That nothing might be wanting in this Famous College, there were others that like Porters and Plaisterers stood ready to be Hired, as *Corn-Cutters*, and *Tooth-Drawers*. The One of which will make you Halt before the best Friend you have; and if you do but *Yawn*, the other Knaves will be examining your *Grinders*; Depopulate your Mouths, and make you Old before your time, and take as much for

for Drawing out an Old Tooth, as would buy a Sett of New ones.

An Ill Accident happened while we were viewing the Curiosities of this College. A *Boy* had swallowed a Knife, and the Members of the College being sitting, he was brought among them, if it were possible to be Cured. The *Chirurgeons* claim'd the Patient as belonging to their Fraternity, and one of them would have been poking a Cranes Bill down his Throat to pluck it up again, but the Doctors would not suffer him.

After a long Consultation, one of the two Remedies was agreed on, *viz.* That the Patient should swallow as much *Aqua fortis*, as would dissolve the Knife into Minute Particles, and bring it away by Seige; but the other Remedy was more Philosophical, and therefore better approv'd, and that was to apply a *Loadstone* to his Arse, and so draw it out by a *Magnetick* Attraction; but which of the two was put in practice I know not, for I did not stay to see the Noble Experiment, tho' my particular Friend Dr. *W——d* was the first that proposed that Remedy, and he is no Quack I assure you.

Not but that there are ſome Quacks as Honeſt Fellows as you would deſire to Piſs upon. This Foreigner here for inſtance, is a Man of Conſcience, that will take you but Half a Crown a Bottle for as good *Lambs-Conduit* Water as ever was in the World. He pretends it has an Occult Quality that Cures all Diſtempers. He Swears it, and Swears like *T. O.* on the right ſide of the Hedge, ſince this very Individual Water has Cured him of Poverty, which comprehends all Diſeaſes.

'Tis with Phyſicians in *London*, as with Almanacks, the Neweſt are the moſt Conſulted; but then their Reign like that of an Almanack, concludes with the Year.

When a Sick Man leaves all for *Nature* to do, he hazards much. When he leaves all for the Doctor to do, he hazards more: And ſince there is a Hazard both ways, I would much ſooner chuſe to rely upon *Nature*; for this, at leaſt, we may be ſure of, That ſhe acts as Honeſtly as ſhe can, and that ſhe does not find her Account in prolonging the Diſeaſe.

I pardon thoſe that are brought to the Extremity of their Lives, to Reſign themſelves to the Doctors, as I pardon thoſe that are at the Extremity of their Fortune to abandon themſelves to *Poetry*, or *Gaming*.

Amuſement X.

Gaming-Houſes.

GAMING is an Eſtate to which all the World has a Pretence, tho' few eſpouſe it that are willing to keep either their Eſtates, or Reputations. I knew two *Middleſex Sharpers* not long ago, which Inherited a Weſt-Country Gentlemen's Eſtate; who, I believe, wou'd have never made them his Heirs in his laſt Will and Teſtament.

Lantrillou is a kind of a Republick very ill ordered, where all the World are Hail Fellow well met; no diſtinction of Ranks, no Subordination obſerved. The greateſt Scoundrel of the Town with Money in his Pockets, ſhall take his Turn before the beſt Duke or Peer in the Land, if the Cards are on his ſide.

From theſe Priviledg'd-Places, not only all Reſpect and Inferiority is Baniſh'd; but every thing that looks like Good Manners, Compaſſion, or Humanity: Their Hearts are ſo Hard and Obdurate, that what occaſions the Grief of one Man, gives Joy and Satisfaction to his next Neighbour.

The *Græcians* met together in former Times, to ſee their Gladiators ſhew their Valour; that is, to Slaſh and Kill one another; and this they called Sport? What a Curſed Barbarity was this? But are we a Jot Inferiour to them in this reſpect, who Chriſten all the Diſorders of *Lanſquenet* by the Name of Gaming, or to uſe the Gameſters own Expreſſion, where a Parcel of *Sharks* meet, *To Bite one anothers Heads off.*

It happened one Day, that my Traveller dropt into a Chocolate-Houſe in *Covent-Garden*, where they were at this Noble Recreation. He was wonderfully ſurprized at the Odneſs of the Sight. Set your ſelf now in the room of a Superſtitious *Indian*, who knows nothing of our Cuſtoms at Play, and you will agree that his Notions, as Abſtracted and Viſionary

as they may ſeem, have ſome Foundations in Truth. I preſent you here with his own Expreſſions as I found them ſet down in a Letter which he ſent into his own Country.

The Fragments of an Indian *Letter.*

THE *Engliſh* pretend that they they Worſhip but one God, but for my Part, I don't believe what they ſay: For beſides ſeveral Living Divinities, to which we may ſee them daily offer their Vows, they have ſeveral other Inanimate ones to whom they pay Sacrifices, as I have obſerved at one of their Publick Meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this Place there is a great Altar to be ſeen, built round and covered with a Green Whachum, lighted in the midſt, and encompaſſed by ſeveral Perſons in a ſitting Poſture, as we do at our Domeſtick Sacrifices.

At the very Moment I came into the Room, one of thoſe, who I ſuppoſed was the *Prieſt*, ſpread upon the Altar certain Leaves which he took out of a little Book that he held in his Hand. Upon theſe Leaves were repreſented certain Figures very awkardly Painted; however they muſt needs be the Images of ſome Divinities; for in proportion as they were diſtributed round, each one of the Aſſiſtants made an Offering to it, greater or leſs, according to his Devotion. I obſerved that theſe Offerings were more conſiderable than thoſe they make in their other Temples.

After the aforeſaid Ceremony is over, the Prieſt lays his Hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the reſt of the Book, and continues ſome time in this poſture ſeized with Fear, and without any Action at all: All the reſt of the Company, attentive to what he does, are in Suſpence all the while, and unmovable, like himſelf. At laſt every Leaf which he returns to them, theſe unmovable Aſſiſtants are all of them in their Turn poſſeſt by different Agitations, according to the *Spirit* which happens

to ſeize them: One joyns his Hands together, and *Bleſſes Heaven*, another very earneſtly looking upon his Image, *Grinds his Teeth*; a third *Bites his Fingers and ſtamps upon the Ground with his Feet.* Every one of them, in ſhort, make ſuch extraordinary Poſtures and Contortions, that they ſeem to be no longer Rational Creatures. But ſcarce has the Prieſt returned a certain Leaf, but he is likewiſe ſeiſed by the ſame Fury with the reſt. *He tears the Book, and devours it in his Rage, throws down the Altar, and Curſes the Sacrifice.* Nothing now is to be heard but *Complaints* and *Groans*, *Cries* and *Imprecations.* Seeing them ſo Tranſported, and ſo Furious, I judge that the God they Worſhip is a Jealous Deity, who to Puniſh them for what they Sacrifice to others, ſends to each of them an Evil *Demon* to Poſſeſs him.

I have thus ſhewed you what Judgment an *Indian* would be apt to paſs upon the Tranſports he finds in our Gameſters. What wou'd he not have thought then, if he had ſeen any of our *Gaming Ladies* there.

'Tis

'Tis certain that Love it ſelf as extravagant as it is, never occaſion'd ſo many Diſorders among the Women, as the unaccountable Madneſs of *Gaming*. How come they to abandon themſelves thus to a Paſſion that diſcompoſes their Minds, their Healths, their Beauty, that Ruines—— What was I going to ſay? But this Picture does not ſhew them to Advantage, let us draw a Curtain over it.

In ſome Places they call Gaming-Houſes *Academies*; but I know not why they ſhould inherit that Honourable Name, ſince there's nothing to be learn'd there, unleſs it be *Slight of Hand*, which is ſometimes at the Expence of all our Money, to get that of other Mens by Fraud and Cunning.

The Perſons that meet are generally Men of an *Infamous* Character, and are in various Shapes, Habits, and Employments. Sometimes they are Squires of the *Pad* and now and then borrow a little Money upon the *King's High-Way*, to recruit their Loſſes at the *Gaming-Houſe*, and when a Hue and Cry is out, to apprehend them, they are as ſafe in one of theſe Houſes, as a *Thief in a Mill*, and practiſe the

the old Trade of *Croſs-biting Cullies*, aſſiſting the Frail *ſquare Dye* with high and low *Fullums*, and other *Napping* Tricks, in compariſon of whom the common Bulkers, and Pick-Pockets, are a very honeſt Society.

How unaccountable is this way to *Beggary*, that when a Man has but a little Money, and knows not where in the World to compaſs any more, unleſs by hazarding his *Neck* for't, will try an Experiment to leave himſelf none at all: Or, he that has Money of his own, ſhould play the Fool, and try whether it ſhall not be another Man's. Was ever any thing ſo Nonſenſically Pleaſant?

One idle day I ventur'd into one of theſe *Gaming*-Houſes, where I found an *Oglio of Rakes* of ſeveral Humours, and Conditions met together. Some that had loſt were Swearing, and Damning themſelves, and the *Devil's Bones*, that had left them never a Penny to bleſs their Heads with. One that had play'd away even his Shirt and Cravat, and all his Clothes but his Breeches, ſtood ſhivering in a Corner of the Room, and another comforting him, and ſaying, *Damme* Jack, who ever thought

to

to ſee thee in a State of Innocency: Cheer up, Nakedneſs is the beſt Receipt in the World againſt a Fevor, and then fell a Ranting, as if Hell had broke looſe that very Moment.

What the Devil have we here to do, ſays my *Indian*, do's it Rain Oaths and Curſes in this Country? I ſee Gameſters are Shipwrackt before they come to underſtand their Danger, and looſe their *Clothes* before they have paid their *Taylors*. They ſhould go to School in my Country to learn Sobriety and Vertue. I told him, inſtead of *Academies*, theſe Places ſhould be call'd *Cheating-Houſes*: Whereupon a Bully of the *Blade* came ſtrutting up to my very Noſe, in ſuch a Fury, that I would willingly have given half the Teeth in my Head for a Compoſition, crying out, Split my Wind-pipe, Sir, you are a Fool, and don't underſtand *Trap*, the whole World's a Cheat.

The *Play-Houſe* cheats you of your time, and the *Tradesmen* of your Money, without giving you either Senſe or Reaſon for't. The *Attorney* picks your Pocket, and gives you *Law* for't; the *Whore* picks your Purſe, and gives you the *Pox* for't it; and the *Poet* picks

picks your Pocket, and gives you nothing for it. *Lovers* couzen you with their *Eyes*, *Orators* with their *Tongues*, the *Valiant* with their *Arms*, *Fidlers* with their *Fingers*, *Surgeons* with *Wooden Legs*, and *Courtiers* and *Songſters*, empty your Pockets, and give you *Breath* and *Air* for it: And why ſhould not we Recruit by the ſame Methods that have Ruin'd us.

Our Friends, continued he, gives us good Advice, and would fain draw us off from the Courſe we are in, but all to no purpoſe: We ask them what they would have us do? Money we have none, and without it there is no Living: Should we ſtay till it were brought, or come alone? How would you have a poor *Individuum Vagum* live? that has neither Eſtate, Office, Maſter, nor Friend to maintain him: And is quite out of his Element, unleſs he be either in a *Tavern*, a *Bawdy-Houſe*, or a *Gaming Ordinary*: No, we are the Men, ſays he, that Providence has appointed to live by our Wits, and will not want while there is Money above Ground. *Happy Man catch a Mackeril.* Let the Worſt come to'th Worſt, a *Wry* Mouth on the Tripple Tree, puts an

an end to all Diſcourſe about us.

From the Gaming-Houſe we took our Walk through the Streets, and the firſt Amuſements we Encountred, were the Variety and contradictory Language of the *Signes*, enough to perſwade a Man there were no Rules of Concord among the Citizens. Here we ſaw *Joſeph*'s Dream, the *Bull* and *Mouth*, the *Hen* and *Razor*, the *Ax* and *Bottle*, the *Whale* and *Crow*, the *Shovel* and *Boot*, the *Leg* and *Star*, the *Bible* and *Swan*, the *Frying-Pan* and *Drum*, the *Lute* and *Tun*, the *Hog* in *Armour*, and a thouſand others that the wiſe Men that put them there can give no Reaſon for.

Here walk'd a Fellow with a long white Rod on his Shoulder, that's aſham'd to cry his Trade, though he gets his Living by it; another bawling out *TODD*'s Four Volumes in Print, which a Man in Reading of, wou'd wonder that ſo much *Venom* ſhould not tear him to pieces, but that ſome of the ancient Moraliſts have obſerved, that the Rankeſt *Poyſon* may be kept in an *Aſſes* Hoof, or a *Fool's* Boſom. Some ſay, the firſt Word he ſpoke was *Raſcal*, and that if he lives to have Children, they will

will all ſpeak the ſame Dialect, and have a Natural Antipathy to *Eggs*, becauſe their Father was palted with hundreds of them, when he was dignified on the Pillory.

Other Amuſements preſented themſelves as thick as Hops, as *Moſes* Pictur'd with *Horns* on his Head, to keep *Cheapſide* in Countenance. Biſhop *Overal*'s *Convocation Book* Carved over the Dean of St. *P---l*'s Stall in that Cathedral. Here ſate a Fellow ſelling *little Balls* to take the Stains out of the Citizen's Wives Petticoats, that ſhould have been as big as *Foot-Balls*, if applied to that purpoſe. Under that Bulk was a *Projector* clicking off his *Swimming Girdles*, to keep up Merchants Credits from ſinking. A pretty *Engine* to preſerve Bankers and Enſurers from Breaking, and prevent publiſhing it in the *Gazette*, when they are Broke; that they will pay all their Debts as far as it may ſtand with their Convenience.

In that Shop was an indebted Lord talking of his *Honour*, and a Tradesman of his *Honeſty*, things that every Man has, and every thing is, in ſome Diſguiſe or other, but duly conſider'd, there are ſcarce any ſuch things in the World,

World, unleſs among Pawn-Brokers, Stock-Jobbers, and Horſe-Courſers; ſo that the *Lord* and *Tradesman* were diſcourſing about nothing; and ſignified no more, than the Parſon's Preaching againſt *Covetouſneſs* to the Maim'd, Blind, and ſuperannuated Soldiers in *Chelſey-College*, nor Dr. *Salmon*'s preſcribing *Cow Heels* to a Married Couple, as a conglutinating Aliment. But there the *Weaver* had the Aſcendant of the *Doctor*.

As we paſs'd along, I could not forbear looking into ſome of the Shops, to ſee how the Owners imployed themſelves in the Abſence of Cuſtomers, and in a Barber's Shop I ſaw a *Beau* ſo overladen with Wig, that there was no difference between his Head, and the Wooden one that ſtood in the Window. The Fop it ſeems, was newly come to his Eſtate, though not to the years of Diſcretion, and was ſinging the Song, *Happy is the Child whoſe Father is gone to the Devil, and the Barber all the while keeping time on his Cittern*; for you know a Cittern and a Barber is as natural as Milk to a Calf, or the Beares to be attended by a Bag-piper.

In

In the Scrivener's Shop I ſaw a company of Sparks that were ſelling their Wives and their Portions, and Purchaſing Annuities; and Old Ten-in-the-Hundred-Fathers, Damning themſelves to raiſe their Poſterities. In the Tobacconiſt's Shops Men were ſneezing and ſpawling, as if they were all Clapt, and under a Salivation for the cure on't. They that ſmoak'd it, were perſecuting others to follow their Example, and they that ſnuff'd it up in Powder, were drawing upon themſelves the Incommodies of all Age, in the perpetual Annoyance of Rheum and Drivel.

Purſuing my Voyage through the City, and caſting a Leere into the Shops of the Rich *Drapers*, *Mercers*, and *Lacemen*, I ſaw them haunted by many People in Want, eſpecially young *Heirs* newly at Age, and *Spendthrifts*, that came to borrow Money of them. Alas, ſaid the Traders, Times are Dead, and little Money ſtirring. All we can do, is to furniſh you with what the Shop affords; and if a Hundred Pound or two in *Commodities* will do you any good, they are at your Service. Theſe the *Gallants* take up at

an

an excessive Rate, to sell immediately for what they can get: and the *Trader* has his Friend to take them off Underhand at a third part of the Value, *by way of helping Men in Distress*. These are they that inveagle unthinking Animals, into all sorts of extravagant Expences, and ruin them Insensibly under colour of *Kindness* and *Credit*: For they set every thing at double the Value; and if you keep not touch at your Day, your Persons are imprisoned, your Goods seized, and your Estates extended. And they that help'd to make you *Princes* before, are now the forwardest to put you into the Condition of *Beggars*.

Among other Amusements, let us speak a Word or two of *Lombard-street*, where *Luxury* seems to carry us to *Peru*; where you behold their Magazines, Ingots of Gold and Silver as big as Pigs of Lead; and your *Ladies* after they have travell'd thither with some liberal Interloper, carry home with them more than their Husbands are worth, and drag at their long Tails the whole Substance of a Herd of Creditors. Here are Jewels and Pearls, Rubies and Dia-

monds, Broad Pieces, Guineas, *Lewis d'Or*'s, Crown Pieces, and Dollars without Number: Nay, in ſome of their Shops is nothing to be ſeen, or Sold, but great heaps of Money; that would tempt a Man to think, the whole *Indies* were emptied into one ſingle Shop 'tis ſo full of Gold and Silver; and yet it often happens, that he that is poſſeſt of all this vaſt Treaſure, is not worth a braſs Farthing. To Day his Counters bend under the weight of *Caſh*, and to Morrow the Shop is ſhut up, and you hear no more of our Goldſmith, till you find him in a *Gazette*, torn to pieces by a Statute of Bankrupt: And he and his Creditors made a *Prey* by a parcel of devouring Vermin, call'd Commiſſioners.

The Neighbouring Country is *Stocks-Market*, where you ſee a large Garden, Paved with *Pibble Stones* in all the Beds and Allies; indifferently open to all Comers and Goers, and yet bears as good Herbs, Fruits, and Flowers, as any in the World. Here is *Winter* dreſs'd in the Livery of *Summer*. Every day a Crop is gather'd, and every Night are ſtockt up in Baskets, till the next days Sun does open them.

About

About this Garden great Numbers of Nymphs reſide, who each of them live in their reſpective Tubs: They have not only that in common with *Diogenes*, but like that Philoſopher alſo, they ſpeak out freely to the firſt Comer whatever comes uppermoſt. A further Deſcription I would give you of their *Parts*, and Perſons, but that I cannot endure the ſmell of the *Serjeants* at the *Counter-Gate*, who ſtink worſe than old Ling, or *Aſſa fætida*, and would poyſon the Country, if this pleaſant Garden was not an Antidote againſt their Infection. And therefore I'll go back again into the Country of

---

Coffee-Houſes.

WHere being arriv'd I am in a *Wood*, there are ſo many of them I know not which to enter. Stay, let me ſee! Where the Sign is Painted with a *Woman's Hand in't*, 'tis a Bawdy-Houſe. Where *a Man's*, it has another Qualification; but where it has *a Star* in the Sign, 'tis

Calculated for every Leud purpoſe.

Every Coffee-Houſe is *Illuminated* both without and within Doors; without by a fine Glaſs-Lanthorn, and within by a Woman ſo *Light* and *Splendid*, you may ſee through her without the help of a Perſpective. At the *Bar* the good Man always places a charming *Phillis* or two, who invite you by their Amorous Glances into their ſmoaky Territories, to the loſs of your Sight.

This is the Place where ſeveral *Knights Errant* come to ſeat themſelves at the ſame Table, without knowing one another, and yet talk as familiarly together, as if they had been of many years Acquaintance. They have ſcarce look'd about them, when a certain Liquor as *Black as Soot*, is handed to them, which being *Foppiſhly* fumed into their Noſes, Eyes, and Ears, has the Vertue to make them Talk and Prattle together of every thing but what they ſhould do. Now they tell their ſeveral Adventures by Sea, and Land. How they Conquer'd the *Gyant*, were overcome by the *Lady*, and bought a pair of wax'd Boots at *Northampton*, to go a Wooing in. One was commending his Wife, another

another his Horſe, and the third ſaid he had the beſt ſmoak'd Beef in *Chriſtendom*. Some were diſcourſing of all ſorts of Government, Monarchical, Ariſtocratical, and Democratical. Some about the choice of Mayors, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, and others of the Tranſcendent Vertues of Vinegar, Pepper, and Muſtard. In ſhort, I thought the whole *Room* was a perfect Reſemblance of *Dover*-Court, where all Speak, but no body heard nor anſwer'd.

To the Charms of *Coffee*, the wiſer ſort joyn'd *Spirit* of *Clary*, *Uſquebaugh*, and *Brandy*, which compleatly Enchants the Knights: By the force of theſe Soporiferous Enchantments, you ſhall find one Snoaring heartily on a *Bench*, another makes Love to beautiful *Phillis* at the Bar; and the third as valiant as *Orlando Furioſo*, goes to ſignalize his Valour in ſcouring the Streets.

I ſhould never have done, if I ſhould attempt to run through all the ſeveral Countries within the Walls of *London*; as the long Robe, the Sword, the Treaſury. Every State, in brief, is like a ſeparate Country by its ſelf, and has its particular Manners and Gibberiſh.

Here you may view the Fruitful Country of *Trade*, that has turn'd Leather Breeches into Gold Chains, blue Aprons into Fur Gowns, a Kitchinſtuff Tub into a gilded Chariot, a Dray-man into a Knight, and Noblemen's Palaces into Shops and Ware-Houſes.

Here is alſo the *Barren* Country of the *Philoſopher's-Stone*, inhabited by none but Cheats in the Operation, Beggars in the Concluſion, and now is become almoſt Deſolate, till another Age of Fools and Knaves do People it. To this may be added the *Cold Country* of the *News-Mongers*, that Report more than they hear, affirm more than they know, and ſwear more than they believe, that Rob one another, and lye in *Sheets* for want of a *Coverlid*. The *Hot Country* of the Diſputers, that quarrel and raiſe a Duſt about nothing. The *Level Country* of Bad *Poets*, and Presbyterian *Parſons*: One of which is maintain'd by a good ſtock of Confidence, and by the other Flattery and Canting. The *Deſert uninhabited Country* of *Vertuous* Women. The *Conquer'd* Country of *Coquets*, and an infinite Number of others; not to reckon

reckon the *Loſt* Country inhabited by *Strowlers*, who aim at nothing but to lead others out of their way. They are of eaſie acceſs, but 'tis dangerous to Traffick with them. Some of them have the Art to pleaſe without Management, and to love without Loving.

But how have I forgot my own *Dear Country*, that is conſecrated to *Bacchus*; that abounds with *Nectar*, the Wonder working Liquor of the World; that makes a *Poet* a *Prince* in's own Conceit; a Coward Valiant, and a *Beggar* as Rich as an *Alderman*. Here I live at Eaſe, and in Plenty, Swagger and Carouze, Quarrel with the Maſter, Fight the Drawer, and never trouble my ſelf about paying the *Reckoning*, for one Fool or other pays it for me. A *Poet* that has Wit in his Head, never carries Money in his Breeches, for fear of creating a New *Amuſement*.

In *Leiceſter-Fields*, I ſaw a *Mountebank* on the Stage, with a Congregation of Fools about him, who like a Maſter in the Faculty of *Lying*, gave them a Hiſtory of his Cures, beyond all the Plays and Farces in the World. He told them of Fifteen

Perſons that were Run clear through the Body, and glad for a matter of three Days together, to carry their *Puddings* in their Hands; but in Four and twenty Hours he made 'em as whole as Fiſhes, and not ſo much as a *Scar* for a Remembrance of the Orifice. If a Man had been ſo bold as to ask him when, and where? his Anſwer would have been ready without Studying; that it was ſome Twelve hundred Leagues off in *Terra Incognito*, by the Token, that at the ſame time he was Phyſician in Ordinary to a great Prince, that dy'd about Five and twenty years ago, and yet the *Quack* was not Forty.

All theſe Subjects, though very Amuſing, were not equally Edifying, and therefore in my Voyage towards the City, I call'd in at a *Quaker's Meeting*, where a Fellow was talking Nonſence as confidently, as if he had had a Patent for it, and confirm'd the *Popiſh* Maxim, *That Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion.* The Women were the Oddeſt Creatures in the World, neither Fleſh nor Fiſh; but like *Frogs*, only their lower Parts were Man's Meat.

From thence I ſailed into a *Preſbyterian Meeting* near *Covent-Garden*, where the Vociferous Holder-forth was as bold and Saucy, as if the Deity and all Mankind had owed him Money. He was ſhewing the way *to be Rich when Taxes riſe, and Trading falls*, and Deſcanting upon all Humours and Manners. He (ſays the Tubſter) that would be Rich according to the Practice of this wicked Age, muſt play the *Thief* or the *Cheat*; he that would Riſe in the World, muſt turn *Paraſite*, or *Projector*. He that Marries, ventures for the *Horn*, either before, or afterwards. There is no Valour without Swearing, Quarrelling, or Hectoring. If you are Poor, no body owns you. If Rich, you'll know no body. If you dye *young*, what pity 'twas they'l ſay, that he ſhould be cut off in his Prime. If *Old*, he was e'en paſt his beſt; there's no great Miſs of him. If you are Religious, and frequent Meetings, the World will ſay you are a *Hypocrite*: And if you go to Church, and don't make a liberal Contribution to us, we ſay you are a Papiſt. To which I make bold to add, If you are *Gay* and Pleaſant,

you

you pass for a Buffoon; and if *Pensive* and Reserv'd, you are taken to be *Sour* and Censorious. *Courtesy* is call'd Colloguing and Currying of Favour: Downright Honesty and Plain-Dealing, is interpreted to be Pride and Ill Manners: And so I took my leave of Dr. ——

And Peep'd into a *Fine Church* in my Way to *Fleet-street*, where a huge double Belly'd Doctor, was so full of his *Doubtlesses*, that he left no room for one *Grain* of *Scepticism*, and made me so perfect a *Dogmatist*, that I made these Innocent Reflections. The Doctor is very Fat, *Doubtless* he is Rich. He looks very *Grum* and *Surly*, *Doubtless* he is not the best Humour'd Man in the World; but I soon gave over these Remarks; for being a Stranger to his *Worship*, *Doubtless* I might have been sometimes in the Right, and *Doubtless* I should sometimes have been in the Wrong; and therefore I removed my Corps to *another Church* in my Road to *London*.

Here a very Genteel *Reader*, to shew himself *Frenchify'd*, instead of reading *Porage*, after our Old Honest *English* Custom, gave it an *A la Mode* Turn, and pronounc'd it *Pottaugsh*;

taugſh; whereas to have been more Modiſh in his *Tongue*, as well as his other Parts, he might have called it *a Diſh of Soop.*

Before Sermon began, the Clark in a *Slit Stick* (contrived for that purpoſe at a Serious Conſult by the Famous *Architects* and *Engineers*, Sir *C.W.* and Col. *Pickpeper*) handed up to the Pulpit a Number of *Prayer-Bills*, containg the Humble Petitions of divers *Devoto's*, for a ſupply of what they wanted, and the removal of their Afflictions.

One was a Bill from a *Courtier*, that having a good *Poſt*, deſired he might keep it for his Life, without being call'd to an Account for *Neglect*, or *Miſmanagement*; and that he might continue without controul, God's Servant in Ordinary, and the King's Special Favourite.

A Young *Virgin*, apprehenſive of her Wants, and Weakneſſes, being about to enter into the Holy State of *Matrimony*, prayed for proportionable Gifts and Graces, *to enable her for ſuch an Under-Taking.*

Some Pray'd for Good Matches for their *Daughters*, and good Offices for their *Sons*; others beg'd *Children* for them-

themſelves: And ſure the *Husband* that allows his Wife to ask Children Abroad, will be ſo Civil as to take them Home when they are given him.

Now came abundance of *Bills* from ſuch as were going Voyages to Sea, and others that were taking long Journeys by Land; both Praying for the Gift of Chaſtity for their *Wives*, and *Fidelity* for their *Prentices*, till they ſhould return again. Then the Bills of Complaint coming in thick and threefold, *Humbly ſhewing* that many Citizens Wives, had hard Hearts, Undutiful Husbands, and Diſobedient Children, which they heartily Pray'd to be quit of; I diſcharg'd my Ears from their Attendance on ſo Melancholy a Subject, and employed my Eyes on the variety of *Diverting Faces* in the Gallery.

Where you might ſee in one *Pew*, a Covey of Handſome, Buckſome, *Bona Roba's*, with High-Heads, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* of Ornament and Dreſs about them, as Merry as *Hawks* in a Mew, as *Airy* as their *Fans*, and as Light as a *Beaux* Head, or his *Feather*.

In

In another *Pew* was a Neſt of ſuch Hard-favour'd *She's*, that you would have bleſt your ſelf. Some with their Faces ſo Pounced and Speckled, as if they had been *Scarified*, and newly paſs'd the *Cupping-Glaſs*; with a World of little Plaſters, *Large*, *Round*, *Square*, and briefly cut out into ſuch variety, that it would have poſed a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure. They employ'd themſelves while the *Bills* were reading, about ——Huſh, huſh.

The *Wou'd be Biſhop* is beginning, and 'tis a ſign of a *Clown*, as well as an *Atheiſt*, *Ludere cum Sanctis*; for tho' I expoſe the Foppery of Perſons, I have a great Veneration for Holy Offices. Our *Doctor*, I Grant it, has ſome of the Qualifications of an *All-Souls* Candidate, *Bene Veſtiti & Mediocriter Docti*; and in good earneſt fills a Pulpit very well; but that he ſo often hauls in his *Common-Place Book* by Neck and Shoulders, that he cloys his Auditors with that unpalatable *Ragouſt*, called in *Latin Cramben Biſcoctum*, and in plain *Engliſh*, *Twice-boil'd Cabbage*; for having in every Harangue, let the Subject be what it will, Marſhal'd his Diſcourſe by the help of the *War-*

Warlike Josephus, *and by the Assistance of the Learned* Grotius, *and Pious Dr.* Hammond *our own Countryman, puzzled* Aquinas, *confuted* Bellarmin, *and Baffled* Origen, *pass we on* (says he) *to the next thing as considerable.*

The *Clark* is such an Affected C. C. C——, that he Sings out of Tune, says out of Order, and does nothing as he should do: For instead of saying, *Amen,* he Screams out *A Main,* which had like to put me into a Confounded Fit of Laughter; for a Spark who had been Over-night at 7 or 11, falling Asleep in the Church, and being waked by the Noise of *A Main,* he starts up, and cries out aloud, *I'll Set you Half a Crown*

Crowding to get out to breath my Spleen at this Adventure, I put the *Bilk* upon a *Pick-Pocket*; who measuring my Estate by the Length and Bulkiness of my *New Wig, which (God knows) is not paid for,* he made a Dive into my Pocket, but encountring a Disappointment, Rub'd off, Curling the *Vacuum*; and I as heartily laughing at his *Folly,* that could think a *Poet* ever went to Church, when he had Money to go to a Tavern. Poets are better Principled than to hoard up

Trash;

Traſh; and could they as well ſecure themſelves from the *Fleſh* and the *Devil*, as they do from the *World*, there would not be a Hairs breadth 'twixt them and Heaven.

Now I croſs'd the way to a *Book-ſellers*, in hopes to get a Dinner and a Bottle; but the Stingy Curr pop't me off with a Diſh of *Coffee*, and the old Talk that Trading was Dead, that they ſuffer'd for other Mens Works as well as their own; and in ſhort, finding not a *Penny* to be ſcrew'd out of the *Prig*, I purſued my Voyage to the City; but it happening to Rain, to ſhelter my ſelf from it, I run my Face into

---

A Heralds Office.

HERE was a Confounded Noiſe of Deſcents, Pedigrees, Genealogies, Coat Armour, Bearings, Additions, Abatements, and a deal of that inſignificant Jargon. While I was liſtening to this *Gibberiſh*, in comes a Fellow with a Role of Parch-

ment

ment in his Hand, to be made a *Gentleman*, and to have a Coat of Arms finely Painted to hang up in his *Dining-Room* till his Wife Died, and then to be transported on the Outside and Front of the House, to Invite a Rich Widdow to Marry him.

My *Father*, says he, has bore Arms for His Majesty, in many Honourable Occasions of *Watching* and *Warding*; and has made many a *Tall Fellow* speak to the Constable at all Hours of the Night. My *Uncle* was the first Man that ever was of the Honourable *Order* of the *Black-Guard*: And we have had five Brave Commanders of our Family, by my Father's side, that have served the *State* in the Quality of *Marshal's Men*, and *Thief Takers*, and gave His Majesty a fair Account of all the *Prisoners* that were taken by them: And by my *Mothers side*, it will not be denied, but that I am Honourably Descended; for my *Grandmother* was never without a Dozen Chamber-Maids and Nurses in Family. Her Husband wore a Sword by his Place, for he was *Deputy-Marshal*; and to prove my self a Man of *Honour*, I have here a Testimonial in my Hand, in Black and White; and in my Pocket

ket brave *Tellow-Boys*, to pay for a Coat of Arms: Which being produced and Finger'd by the Herald, he immediately assign'd him a *Coat, viz.* A *Gibbet* Erect, with a Wing Volant. A Ladder Ascendant. A Rope Pendant, and a *Marshal's Man* Swinging at the end on't.

I am Sandalized, says my *Indian*, at your Custome in *London*, in making every Saucy *Jack*, a Gentleman.

And why are you not as well offended, reply'd I to my *Indian*, to hear almost every *Gentleman* call one another *Jack*, and *Tom*, and *Harry* They first dropt the Distinction, Proper to Men of *Quality*, and Scoundrels took it up and bestowed it upon themselves; and hence it is, that a *Gentleman* is sunk into plain *Jack*, and *Jack* is rais'd into *Gentleman*.

In Days of *Yore*, a Man of *Honour* was more Distinguishable by his *Generosity* and Affability, than by his *Lac'd Liveries*; but too many of them having degenerated into the Vices of the Vulgar Fry, Honour is grown Contemptible, the Respect that is due to their *Births*, is lost in a *Savage*

Management, and is now assumed by every Scoundrel.

The Cobler is Affronted, if you don't call him Mr. *Translator*. The Groom Names himself *Gentleman of the Horse*, and the Fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears*, writes himself *one of His Majesty's Officers*. The Page calls himself *a Child of Honour*, and the Foot-Boy stiles himself my *Ladies Page*. Every Little *Nasty Whore* takes upon her the Title of *Lady*, and every *Impudent Broken-Mouth'd Manteau-Maker*, must be call'd *Madam Theodosia Br---*. Every Dunce of a *Quack*, is call'd a *Physician*. Every Gown-Man, a *Counseller*. Every Silly Huff, a *Captain*. Every *Gay* thing, a Chevalier. Every Parish Reader, a *Doctor*: And every *Writing Clerk* in the Office, Mr. *Secretary*: Which is all but Hypocrisie and Knavery in Disguise; for nothing is now called by its right Name.

The Heralds I see have but little to do, Honour and Arms which used to employ all Men of Birth and Parts, is now almost dwindled into an Airy Nothing: Let us then go and see how the World wags in the City Circle.

Amuse-

Amuſement XI.

The City Viſiting-Day.

I Have given my Traveller Walking enough from Country to Country, let us ſave him the trouble now of Beating the Hoof, and ſhew him the reſt of the World as he ſits in his Chair.

To be acquainted with all the Different Characters of it, it will be ſufficient for him to frequent certain Numerous Aſſemblies, a ſort of *City Circle*, they are ſet up in imitation of the Circle at Court.

The Circle in Foreign Courts is a Grave Aſſembly, but ill ſeated upon Low Stools ſet in a Round. Here all Women Talk, and none of them Liſten. Here they make a Pother about nothing. Here they Decide all things, and their moſt diverſified Converſati-

ons are a ſort of Roundeaus that end either in Artificial Slanders, or groſs Flattery, but this being in no wiſe applicable to the *Engliſh* Court, I ſhall wave a further Deſcription of it, and come to

---

The City Circle.

WHICH is a Familiar Aſſembly, or a General Council of the Fair and Charming-Sex, where all the Important Affairs of their Neighbors are largely diſcuſs'd, but Judged in an Arbitrary Manner, without hearing the Parties ſpeak for themſelves. Nothing comes amiſs to theſe Tribunals. Matters of High, and no Conſeqnence, as Religion, and Cuckoldom, Commodes and Sermons, Polliticks and Gallantry, Receipts of Cookery and Scandal, Coquettry and Preſerving, Jilting and Laundry; in ſhort every thing is ſubject to the Juriſdiction of this Court, and no Appeal lies from it.

A Venerable Old Gentlewoman, call'd Madam *Whimſey*, whoſe Relations are diſperſed into all Corners of the Earth, is Preſident of this Board. She is Lineally Deſcended from the *Maggots* of the *South*, an Illuſtrious and Ancient Family, that were a Branch of the *Wag-Tails* of the *Eaſt*, who boaſt themſelves Deſcended in a Right Line from Madam *Eve*. Here are to be found as many Different Opinions as there are Heads in the Room. The ſame Judge is ſometimes Severe, and ſometimes Indulgent, ſometimes Grave and ſometimes Trifling, and they Talk exactly there, as I do in my *Amuſements*.

They paſs in a Moment from the moſt Serious, to the moſt Comical Strain; from the greateſt things to the ſmalleſt; from a Duke, to a Chimney-Sweeper; from a Council of War to a Chriſtning, and ſometimes a ſudden Reflexion upon a Womans *Head-Dreſs*, hinders the Deciſion of a Caſe of Conſcience under Examination.

In this Country Twenty ſeveral Sentences are pronounced all at once. The Men Vote when they can, the Women as often as they pleaſe. They have two Votes for one. The great

Liberty that is allowed in the City Circle, invites all ſorts of Perſons to come thither to ſee and to be ſeen. Every one talks according to his Deſigns, his Inclination, and his Genius. The Young Folks talk of what they are now a doing; the Old Fellows Talk of what they have done in the Days of Queen *Dick*; and your Sots and Coxcombs of what they have a deſign to do, tho' they never go about it.

The Ambitious Rail at the Sluggards as a Company of Idle Fellows that take up a room in the World, and do nothing? The Sluggards return back the Compliment to the Ambitious, that they trouble all the World with their Plots to advance themſelves and ruine others. The Tradeſman Curſes War from the bottom of his Heart, as that which ſpoils Commerce, Depopulates Countries, and deſtroys Mankind; and the Soldier wiſhes thoſe that had a Hand in making the Peace, were at the Devil.

The Vertuoſo deſpiſes the Rich for making ſuch a buſtle about ſo Fooliſh and Pale-faced a Mettal as Gold. The Rich laugh at Learning, and Learned Men, and cry, A Fig for *Ariſtotle* and

and *Des Cartes*. Your Men of Gravity and Wiſdom forſooth, rail at Love as the moſt Fooliſh and Impertinent Trifling thing in the World; and the Lover fattens himſelf with his own Fancies, and laughs at Wiſdom as a Sower and Severe thing that is not worth the Purſuit. Thoſe that are Unmarried fall foul upon the Jealous-Pated Husbands, as Men that create their own Troubles. And thoſe that are Married juſtify their own Prudent Conduct in endeavouring to prevent their own Diſhonour.

A Young forward Puppy full of Vigour and Health, ſeem'd to intimate by his Diſcourſe, that he thought himſelf Immortal. Well, ſays he, I have drank my Gallon of Claret every Night this Seven Years, and yet the Devil of a Feaver or any other Diſeaſe dares Attack me, tho' I always keep two or three Sins going at once. Before *George* I think our Family's made of Iron. There's that Old Prig my Father (a Plague on him) turn'd of Seventy, and yet he's as ſound as a Roach ſtill. He'll ride you Forty Mile out-right at a Fox-Chaſe. Small-Beer be my Portion here and hereafter, if I believe he'll ever have the Good Manners to troop off.

A Grave Old Gentleman offended at this Rude and Frothy Diſcourſe gave his Whiskers a Twirl, and thus repremanded our Saucy Whipper-Snapper. Know Boy, cries he to him in an Angry Tone: Know, Sirrah, that every Age ſtands upon the ſame Level as to the Duration of Life. A Man of Fourſcore is Young enough to Live, and an Infant but of Four Days Birth, is Old enough to Die.

I apprehend your Meaning, Old Gentleman, ſays our Young Prig to him, well enough. You are Young enough to Live to Day, and Old enough to Die to Morrow.

Thoſe whom you have hitherto heard, talk'd only to let the Company ſee what they were: The reſt both in their Converſation and Manners, appear'd directly contrary to what they were.

You admire the Gay Noiſy Impertinence of that Country Wit yonder, that tells ſo many Pleaſant Stories, and ſets all the Company a Laughing. Don't be miſtaken in him, he's the Dulleſt Rogue alive, if you ſtrip him of what he has Plunder'd from others.

All his Jeſts and Repartees he Purloin'd from his *Fathers Chaplain*; they are the effect of his Memory, and not of his Invention.

That other Spark there ſets up for a *Wit*, and has ſome Sence to't. Pray mind that Worſhipful *Lump* of Clay, that Inanimate Figure that lolls in the Elbow-Chair; he takes no manner of Notice of what is ſaid in the Company. By his Plodding Starch'd Solemn Looks, you would conclude that Buſineſs of Importance, and Affairs of State, took up all his Thoughts, and that his Head was brim full of Diſpatches, Negotiations, Decrees, Orders of Council, and the Lord knows what. I'll tell you what; he's the Emptieſt, Dulleſt, Shalloweſt Monſter, within the Bills of Mortality. He's equally incapable of Buſineſs and Pleaſure: He'll take you a Nap over a Game at *Cards*, and Yawn and Stretch at the moſt diverting *Comedy*: Nay, under the *Pulpit* when the Parſon has Preach'd all the Dogs out o'th' Church. He Dreams as he Walks, and the Sot when he's a Sleep, differs from the Sot when Waking, as a *Nine-Pin* when it is up, differs from a *Nine-Pin* when its down. He has a

Conſi-

Conſiderable Poſt in the Government, and a Pretty Wife, and minds them both alike? 'Tis pity he has not a *Deputy* to officiate for him.

That *Young Creature* there by the Window, at the bare mention of the Word *Love*, Starts, and Trembles, as if a *Demi-Culvirin* were ſhot off at her Ear. Her Vertuous Mother has told her ſuch terrible Stories about it, that the *Poor Fool* believes ſhe hates it. And do you think, Sir, ſhe'll hate it to the end of the Chapter? That's not ſo certain, I dare not engage for it. A Woman that hates Love before ſhe knows *what it is*, is not in danger to hate it very long.

Perhaps I explain things after a *Freer* manner than I ought, and *Unmask* too many Faces in my Circle; but if I were never ſo much inclined to ſpare them, and they themſelves had Addreſs enough to conceal their own Defects: I ſee a *Lady* of great Penetration coming into the Room, who will decipher them more *Unmercifully* than I can.

Now ſhe has Seated her ſelf. Obſerve what a *Modeſt* Air ſhe has? How Critically ſhe draws off her Gloves? How *Artfully* ſhe manages her Fan?

And

And if ſhe lift up her Eyes, 'tis only to ſee whether other Women are as Handſome and as Modeſt as her ſelf. She has ſo much Vertue the World ſays, that ſhe can't endure any that have a leſs ſhare on't than her ſelf. What is harder ſtill, thoſe that have more Vertue than ſhe, do equally diſpleaſe her. 'Tis for this reaſon ſhe ſpares no Body.

I ask'd a Lady of the ſame Character t'other Day, how it came to paſs that her Exhortations were half *Godlineſs*, and half *Slander?* Bleſs me, crys ſhe, *Slander!* What mean you by the Word? 'Tis enough to give one the Spleen, or an *Augue Fit*. The Truth on't is, I am ſometimes obliged to accommodate my ſelf to the *Taſte* of the World, to *Seaſon* my Remonſtrances with a little *Satyr*, for the World expects we ſhould make every thing agreeable, even Connection it ſelf. We muſt ſometimes give a little *Slip* from Morality, to bring in a few *Strokes* of Satyr. Speak more Honeſtly, *Madam*, ſays I to her, and confeſs that you bring in one ſtroke of Morality, to countenance the making of a Thouſand Scandalous Reflexions.

But

Very well, replies the *Indian* to me, I find the *Londoners* are as Comical in their Garbs, as affected in their Discourses. They would think themselves *dishonour'd* to appear in a Suit they wore last Year. According to the Rule of *Fashions*, this Furious Beau the next Year must make but a *Scurvy Figure*; but I pardon them for following the Custom of their Country. I put so ill a Construction upon their Curiosity, I will not hereafter Judge of the Hearts of Women by the Steps I see them make.

As for that *Beau* yonder, I have a great Curiosity to know whither his Inside answers his Outside. Not a Word has drop'd from him as yet; but surely the *Oracle* will open Anon. The Ladies that encompass him, said I to my Curious Traveller, are as impatient to hear him Talk, as you can be. Therefore let us listen.

They all Compliment, and address their Discourses to him. What Answers does he make them? Sometimes *Yes*, and sometimes *No*, and sometimes *Nothing* at all. He speaks to one with his *Eyes*, to another with his *Head*, and *Laughs* at a third with so *Mysterious* an Air, that 'tis believed there is something extraordinary meant by

by it. All the Company are of Opinion that he has *Wit* in abundance. His Phyſiognomy *Talks*, his Air *Perſwades*, but all his Eloquence lies in the Fine *Outſide* he makes; and as ſoon as the Spark has ſhew'd himſelf, *he has concluded his Speech.* 'Tis a thouſand pitties that Nature had not time enough to finiſh her Workmanſhip. Had ſhe beſtowed never ſo little *Wit* upon an *Outſide* ſo Prepoſſeſſing us in his Favour, the Idleſt Tales from his Mouth wou'd have paſs'd for the moſt Ingenious Story in the World.

But our Ladies now begin to be weary of holding a longer Diſcourſe with their Idol, All of 'em reſolv'd, if they muſt ſpeak, to ſpeak with ſome Body that would anſwer them again, and not with a *Statue.* Our Beau retires into the next Chamber, intent upon nothing but how to diſplay his Charms to the beſt advantage. He is at firſt view enamour'd with a Pretty Lady whom he ſaw in the Room. He Beſieges her with his *Eyes*, he *Ogles* at her, he *Prims* and *Plumes* himſelf, and at laſt he Boards her.

This *Lady* is very Reſerved, and tho' our Gentleman appear very Charming to her, yet ſhe is not ſurprized

prized at the first sight of him. 'Tis nothing but her Curiosity which makes her hazard meeting him in the Field. With this Intention she listens to what our Adventurer has to say to her. In short, this was the success of his Affair with her.

He found himself mightily at a loss how to *Cope* with this Lady. She had an inexhaustible Source of *Wit*, and would not be paid with *Gracious Nods and Smiles*, but as we see there are a Hundred Witty Women in the World, that are not displeas'd with a fair Outside; our Confident Spark flatter'd himself, that if he cou'd but once perswade the Lady that he was in Love with her, the Garrison wou'd immediately surrender. To effect this he employ'd the *Finest Turns* of Eloquence, and the most touching Expressions of the *Mute Language*; but this Fair Lady made as if she did not understand him. What should he now do to explain himself more clearly to her. He had a *Diamond-Ring* of a considerable Value upon his Finger, and found himself put to't to contrive a Piece of Gallantry *A la Mode*, to present it to her. Thus *Playing* with his Hand, and holding it so that he might

might ſhew his *Diamond* more advantageouſly to the Eyes of the Fair Indifferent, he plays with it: She turns her Head, firſt on one ſide, then on the other ſide. This Unconcernedneſs mortified him extreamly; yet ſtill he kept on his *Shew*, which is always the laſt Refuge of a Coxcomb. He is Aſtoniſh'd to find a Woman inſenſible to ſuch a *Beau* as himſelf, and to ſuch a *Diamond* as his was; but this made no Impreſſion on the *Lady*, who ſtill continued Inexorable and Cruel.

At the very Moment he deſpair'd of his Enterprize, this Cruel, this Inſenſible ſeiz'd him haſtily by the Hand, to look nearer at the *Diamond*, from which ſhe firſt turn'd her Eyes: What a *Bleſſed turn* of the Scene was this to a Dejected Lover! He reaſſumes his Courage, and to make a Declaration of his Paſſion for once and all, he takes the *Ring* from his Finger, and after a Thouſand *Cringes* and *Grimaces*, Preſents her with it. The *Lady* takes it in her Hand, and holds it cloſe to her Eyes, to view it more carefully: He redoubles his Hope and Aſſurance, and thought he had a Right to Kiſs that Hand, that had received his *Diamond*. The Lady was ſo taken up

in

in looking at it, that ſhe was not at leiſure to think of being angry at this Freedom; but on the contrary ſmiled, and without any more Ceremony put the *Ring* upon her Finger.

Now it is that our Lover thinks himſelf ſecure of *Victory*, and tranſported with Joy, propoſes the *Hour* and *Place* of Meeting. Sir, ſays this Lady coldly to him, I am Charm'd with this *Diamond*; and the reaſon why I have accepted it without Scruple, is becauſe it belongs to me. *Yes, Sir*, this Diamond is mine; my Husband took it from off my *Toilet* ſome Three Months ago, and made me afterwards believe he had loſt it. That cannot be, replys our *Fop*, it was a *Marchioneſs* that exchang'd it with me for ſomething that ſhall be Nameleſs.

Right, right, continues the Woman, *my Husband was acquainted with this* Marchioneſs, *he* Truck'd *with her for my* Diamond, *the Marchioneſs* Truck'd *with you for it, and I take it for nothing; tho if I were of a* Revengeful *Nature, my Husband very well* deſerves, *that I ſhould give the ſame Price for it, as he received from the Marchioneſs.* At this unexpected Blow, our Fine Thing ſtood

ſtood Confounded and Aſtoniſh'd; but I can now forgive his *being Mute* upon ſo Odd an Occaſion. A Man of Wit and Sence could hardly avoid it.

That Great *Lord* yonder, was Bred and Born a *Lord*: His *Soul* is full as Noble as his *Blood*, his Thoughts as high as his Extraction. I Eſteem, but don't Admire his *Lordſhip*; but the Man, who by his *Merits* and *Vertues* raiſes himſelf above his Birth and Education, I both *Eſteem* and *Admire*.

Why then ſhould you, whoſe Virtues equal your Fortune, conceal the *Meanneſs* of your Original, which raiſes the Luſtre of your Merit? And as for you that have no other Merit to boaſt of, but that of advancing your Fortune; never be aſhamed to own the Meanneſs of your former Life: We ſhall better eſteem the Merit of your Elevation.

Look, yonder goes a Man, ſays one, that takes upon him ſo much of the *Lord*, that one would think he had never been any thing elſe. It often happens, that by our Over-acting of Matters, the World diſcovers we were not always the Men we appear.

While I made my Reflections, my *Indian* was likewiſe buſie in making his. He did not ſo much wonder at the Man in the Embroidered Coat, who did not know himſelf, as at the Aſſembly, who likewiſe ſeem'd not to know him. He was treated with the Reſpect due to a Prince; theſe are not Civilities, but downright Adorations. What cannot you be content, ſays our *Indian*, cannot you be content to Idolize *Riches* that are uſeful to you? Muſt you likewiſe Idolize the *Rich*, who will never do you a Farthings-worth of Kindneſs?

I confeſs, continued he, that I cannot recover out of this Aſtoniſhment. I ſee another Man of a very good Look come into the *Circle*, and no body takes the leaſt Notice of him. He has ſeated himſelf and Talks, and very much to the purpoſe too, and yet no one will vouchſafe him a Hearing. I obſerve, the Company Files off from him by degrees, to another part of the Room, and now he is left alone by himſelf. Wherefore ſay I to myſelf, Do they ſhun him thus? Is his *Breath* Contagious, or has he a *Plague-Sore* running upon him?

At

At the ſame time I took Notice, That theſe Deſerters had flock'd about the *Gay Coxcomb* in the laced Suite, whom they worſhipp'd like a little God. By this I came to underſtand, that the Contagious Diſtemper the other Man was troubled with was his Poverty.

Oh Heavens! ſays the *Indian*, falling all on the ſudden into an Enthuſiaſtick Fit, like that wherein you ſaw him in his Letter; *Oh Heavens!* Remove me quickly out of a Country, where they ſhut their Ears to the wholſom Advice, and ſage Inſtructions of a *Poor* Man, to liſten to the Nonſenſical *Chat* of a Sot in *Gawdy* Cloathes. They ſeem to refuſe this *Philoſopher* a Place among Men, becauſe his Apparel is but indifferent, while they Rank that Wealthy Coxcomb in the Number of the Gods. When I behold this Abominable Sight, I cou'd almoſt pardon thoſe that grow Haughty and Inſolent upon Proſperity. This latter Spark a little while ago was leſs than a *Man* among you, at preſent you make a ſort of a *Deity* of him. If the Head of their new Idol ſhould grow Giddy, he may e'en thank thoſe

who Incenſe him at this abominable Rate.

There are among us in my Country, continues he, a ſort of People who Adore a certain Bird, for the Beauty and Richneſs of its *Feathers*. To juſtifie the Folly wherein their Eyes have engaged them, they are perſwaded that this proud Animal has a Divine Spirit that Animates him. Their Error is infinitely more excuſable than yours; for in ſhort, this Creature is *Mute*, but if he could Talk, like your Brute there in the Rich Embroidery, they would ſoon find him out to be a Beaſt, and perhaps would forbear to Adore him.

This ſudden Tranſport, carry'd our well-meaning Traveller a little too far. To oblige him to drop his Diſcourſe, I deſir'd him to caſt his Eyes upon a certain Gentleman in the *Circle*, who deſerved to have his *Veil* taken off with which he covered himſelf, to procure the Confidence of Fools. Examine well this ſerious Extravagant. The *Fool's Bawble* he makes ſuch a pother with, is his *Probity*, an amiable thing indeed, if his Heart were affected by it; but 'tis only the *Notion* of it that has Fly-blown his

Head

Head. Becauſe, forſooth, it has not yet appear'd in his Story, that he is a Notorious Cheat and Falſifier, upon the Merit of this Reputation, the *Inſect* thinks himſelf the moſt Virtuous Man in the World. He demands an Implicite Faith to all he ſays. You muſt not queſtion any thing he is pleas'd to affirm, but muſt pay the ſame Deference to his Words, as to the Sacred Oracles of Truth it ſelf. If he thinks fit to aſſert that *Romulus* and *Remus* were Grand Children to *John of Gaunt*, 'tis a Breach of Good Manners to enquire into their Pedigrees.

If any Difference happens, he pretends his Word is a Decree, from which you cannot Appeal without Injuſtice. He takes it for a high Affront, if you do but ask him to give you the common Security. All the Univerſe muſt underſtand that his Verbal Promiſe is worth a thouſand Pounds. He would fain have perſwaded his *Wifes Relations* to have given him her in Marriage upon his bare Word, without making a Settlement. He affects to be exactly Nice to a Tittle in all his Expreſſions, and if you think it impoſſible to find a

Model of this impracticable Exactneſs, he tells you that you may find it in him, all his Words you ought to believe to a Hairs breadth: Nothing leſs, and nothing beyond it. If ever he gives you liberty to *Stretch* a little, it muſt be in his Commendation. Let the Converſation turn upon what Subject it pleaſes, be it of *War*, or of *Religion*, *Morality*, or *Politicks*, he will perpetually thruſt his *Noſe* into it, though he is ſure to be laughed at for his Pains, and all to make a fine *Parade* of his own good Qualities and Vertues.

A certain *Lady* for Inſtance, after ſhe had effectually proved that all Gallantry, and Sincerity, was extinct among the young Fellows of this Age, corrected her ſelf pleaſantly in this manner. I am in the *wrong* Gentlemen, ſays ſhe, I am in the *wrong*, I own it. There is ſuch a thing as Sincerity ſtill among the Men: *They ſpeak all that they think of us Women.*

Upon the bare Mention of the Word *Sincerity*, our Gentleman thought he had a fair opportunity to enlarge upon his own. Every Man, ſays

ſays he, has his particular Faults. My Fault is to be too Sincere.

Soon after this, the Diſcourſe fell upon other Matters, as want of Compaſſion and Charity in the Rich. What an exceſs of Barbarity crys our Man of Honour, is this? For my part, I always fall into the oppoſite Extream. I *melt* at every thing, I am *too Good* in my Temper, but 'tis a Fault I ſhall never Correct in my ſelf. To make ſhort, another who towards the Concluſion of his Story, happen'd accidentally to let the Word Avarice drop from him, found himſelf interrupted by our *Modeſt* Gentleman, who made no difficulty to own that *Liberality* was his Vice. *Ah Sir*, replied the Man coldly, who was interrupted, you have three great Vices, Sincerity, Goodneſs, and Liberality. This exceſs of Modeſty in you, which makes you own theſe Vices, give me to underſtand Sir, that you are Maſters of all the *contrary Vertues*.

In my Opinion now, this was plucking off the Vizor of our Sir *Formal*. This was diſcharging a *Piſtol* at his Breaſt: One would have

thought it wou'd have went to the very Heart of him. In the mean time he did not ſo much as feel the Blow; the *Callus* of his Vanity had made him invulnerable, he takes every thing you ſay to him in good part. Call him in an Ironical manner, the *Great Heroe of Probity*, he takes you in the Litteral Senſe. Tell him in the plain Language of *T. O.* that he's *a confounded Raſcal*, Oh Sir, ſays he, your humble Servant, you are diſpoſed to be merry I find: thus he takes it for Raillery.

Theſe *Raillers* have a fine time on't you ſee, to *Jeſt* upon a Man of ſo *Oily* a Temper. What a Vexation is it to your Gentlemen that ſpeak ſharp and witty Things, to level them at ſo *ſupple* a Slave. All the Pleaſure wou'd be to touch him to the Quick, to confound his Vanity. Wit does but hazard it ſelf by Attacking him in the Face, there's nothing to be got by it: *Vanity is a Wall of Braſs.*

But I find nothing will be loſt. There ſits a Gentleman in the corner of a quite different Temper, who takes every thing upon himſelf, that was

was meant to another. He *Bluſhes*, he grows *Pale*, he's out of Countenance; at laſt quits the Room, and as he goes out, threatens all the Company with his Eyes. What does the World think of this holding up the *Buckler*, they put but a bad Conſtruction upon it, and ſay that his Conſcience is *Ulcerated*, that you cannot touch any String, but it will anſwer to ſome painful place. *Touch a Gall'd Horſe and He'll Wince.* In a word, he's wounded all over, becauſe he's all over Senſible of Pain.

Theſe are two Characters that ſeem to be directly oppoſite; however, it were eaſie to prove that theſe two are the ſame at Bottom. What's this Bottom? Divine it if you can: One Word wou'd not be ſufficient to explain it clearly to you, and I am not at leiſure to give you any more. I perceive a Man coming into the Room whom I am acquainted with, he will interrupt me without Remorſe. I had better be beforehand with him, and hold my Tongue.

Silence Gentlemen, *Silence*, and ſee you ſhew due Reſpect. You will immediately ſee one of thoſe

Noble Lords who believe that all is due to them, and that they owe nothing to any Body. When my *Lord* enter'd, every one put on a demure Look, and he himſelf came in with a *Smiling* look, like a true Polititian. Immediately he makes a thouſand Proteſtations of Friendſhip to every one; but at the ſame time that he promiſes you his Service, he looks as Pale as a *Scotchman*, when he offers you his Purſe.

He is ſcarce ſate down in his Chair, but he embroiles the Converſation. He talks to four ſeveral Perſons about four ſeveral Affairs at once: He puts a *Queſtion* to one Man, without waiting for an *Anſwer* of another: He propoſes a *Doubt*, Treats it, and reſolves it all by himſelf. He's not weary of *Talking*, though all the Company be of *hearing* him. They ſteal off by degrees, and ſo the Circle ended.

The *Publick* is a great Spectacle always New, which preſents it ſelf to the Eyes of private Men, and *Amuſes* them. Theſe private Men are ſo many diverſified Spectacles, that offer themſelves to the Publick View,

and

and *Divert* it. I have already as it were in *Minature*, ſhew'd ſome few of theſe ſmall inconſiderable private Spectacles. My Fellow Traveller not content with this, ſtill demands of me, that I ſhould ſpeak a few Words more of the *Publick*.

Amuſe-

Amuſement XII.

The PUBLICK.

THE *Publick* is a *Prince* of which all thoſe Hold, that aim at Honour, Reputation and Profit. Thoſe Sordid Mean-Spirited *Souls*, that don't take any Pains to merit its Approbation, are at leaſt afraid of its Hatred, and Contempt. The Right we aſſume to our ſelves to Judge of every thing, has produc'd abundance of Vertues, and ſtifled abundance of Crimes.

The *Publick* has a Juſt, a Solid, and Penetrating Diſcernment: In the mean time, as 'tis wholly compoſed of Men; ſo there's a great deal of the *Man* very often in its Judgments. It ſuffers it ſelf to be Prepoſſeſſed as well as a Private Perſon, and afterwards prepoſſeſſeth us by the Aſcendant it hath had over us for many Ages.

The

The *Publick* is a true *Miſanthrope*, it is neither guilty of *Complaiſance*, nor *Flattery*; nor does it ſeek to be Flatter'd. It runs in Crowds to Aſſembles, where it hears Truths of it ſelf, and each of the Particulars that compoſe the whole Body, love rather to ſee themſelves *Jeer'd*, than to deprive themſelves of the Pleaſure of ſeeing others *Jeer'd*.

The *Publick* is the Niceſt and moſt Severe *Critick* in the World; yet a Dull Execrable *Ballad*, is enough to *Amuſe* it for a whole Year. It is both Conſtant and Inconſtant. One may truly affirm, that ſince the Creation, the Publick *Genius* has never changed. This ſhews its *Conſtancy*; but it is fond of Novelties, it daily changes all its Faſhions of acting, its Language and its Modes. A *Weather-Cock* is not more *Inconſtant*. It is ſo *Grave* it ſtrikes a Terror upon thoſe that Talk to it, and yet ſo *Trifling* that a *Band*, or a *Cravat* put the wrong way, ſets the whole Auditory a Laughing.

The *Publick* is ſerved by the greateſt *Noblemen*: What Grandeur is there? And yet it depends upon thoſe that ſerve it: How *Little* it is?

The

The *Publick* is, if I may allow my ſelf the Expreſſion, always at Man's Eſtate, for the Solidity of its Judgment, and yet an *Infant*, whom the erranteſt Scoundrel of a *Jack-Pudding*, or a *Merry-Andrew*, ſhall lead from one end of the Town to the other. 'Tis an *Old Man*, who ſhews his Dotage by Murmuring without knowing what he would have, and whoſe Mouth we cannot ſtop, when he has once began to Talk.

I ſhould never have done, were I minded to ſet down all the Contrarieties that are to be found in the *Publick*, ſince it poſſeſſes all the *Vertues*, and all the *Vices*, all the *Forces*, and all the *Infirmities* of Mankind.

Let us reaſſume our Gravity to conſider the Real *Grandeur* of the *Publick*. 'Tis out of it we ſee every thing proceeds, which is of any Conſideration in the World: *Governors* to Rule Provinces, *Judges* to Regulate them, *Warriers* to Fight, and *Heroes* to Conquer. After theſe Governors, theſe Judges, theſe Warriers, and theſe Heroes, have Glorioufly ſignaliz'd themſelves in all Parts, they all come to meet again at Court; where Interpidity it ſelf *Trembles*, Fierceneſs is

Soft-

Softned, Gravity *Rectified*, and Power *Disappears*.

There those that are distinguish'd in other Places, like so many Sovereigns; among the Crowd of Courtiers, become Courtiers themselves; and after they have drawn the Eyes of so many Thousands after them, think it their Glory to be look'd upon by *One* from whom those Illustrious *Stars* derive their Splendour, and are never so near their *Meridian*, as when the *Monarch*, that Spring of Glory, shines upon them, and Communicates some Beams of his Magnificence to them.

As his very *Looks* raise the Merit of the greatest Actions, every one is Jealous of him who endeavours to attract them to himself; but for all that, they are so Complaisant, that they don't neglect to *Caress* the Man of whom they are Jealous.

However, there are some *Elevated Souls* that have infinitely rais'd themselves about those *Court Infirmities*. Real *Heroes* and *Brave* Men indeed! Who are no more grieved at the *Glory* of others, than to share the Light of the *Sun* in Common with them.

I own indeed, says my *Indian*, in taking his leave of me, that *England* produces some of these perfect *Englishmen*, whose Reputations have reached our Parts of the World; but it was to see something Greater than this, that I undertook this Voyage; and consider how I reason'd with my self as I pass'd the Ocean. *England* abounds with *Illustrious Men*, and tho' there may be Animosities among them; yet they all unanimously now agree to Reverence and Respect *the King alone*: And must not he be an Extraordinary Man?

FINIS.